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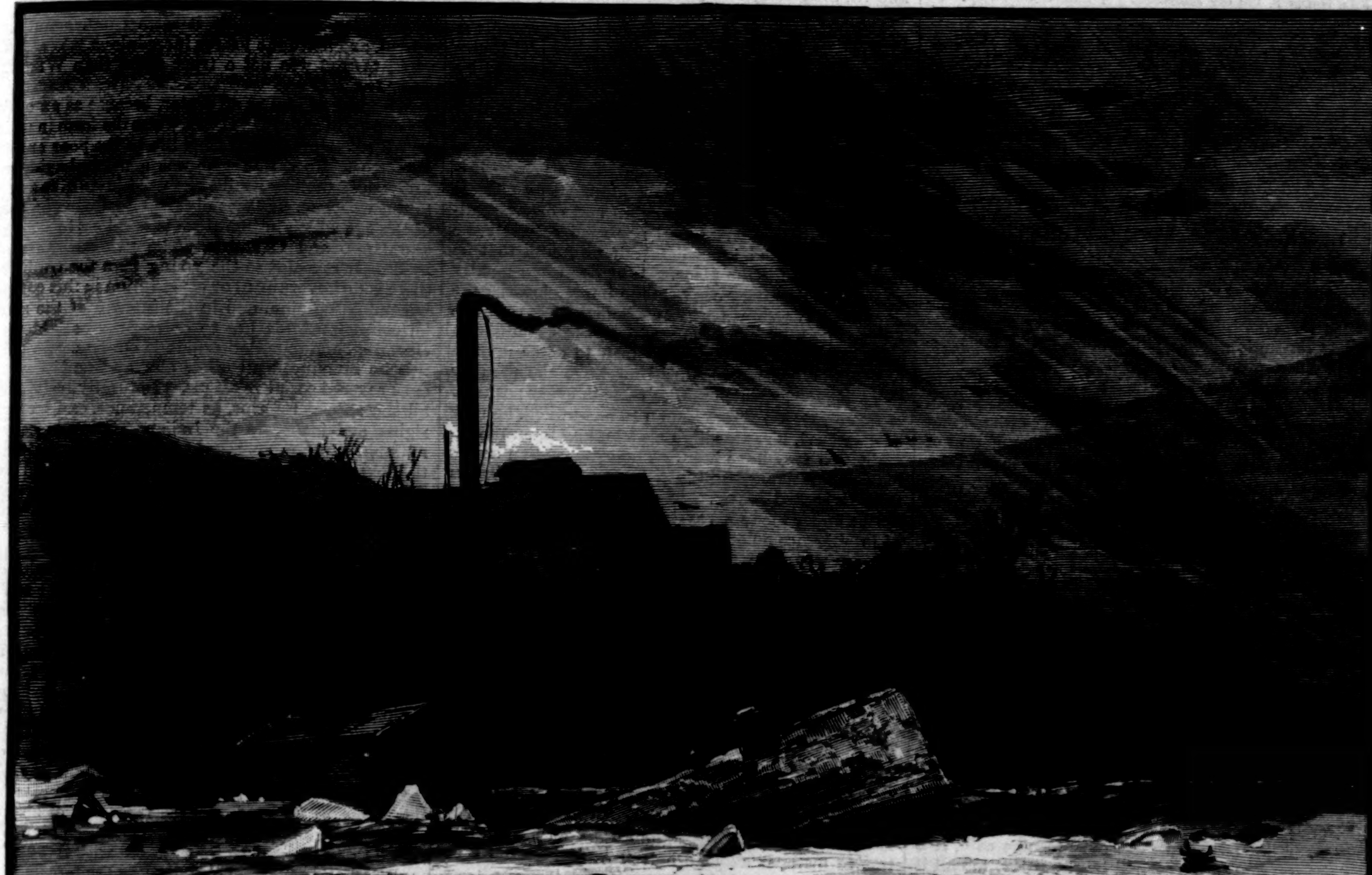


THE WESTERN FLOODS—SCENE ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 114.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

"It is the best publication for the price in this or any other country."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The issue of this beautiful periodical for February 12 may well be called a Valentine Number. The charming saint of February is remembered in

"JIM'S VALENTINE,"

a most interesting story by SIDNEY DAYRE; *in "The Prettiest Girl," a poem by* MARY D. BRINE; *and in "Little Miss Blue Eyes," a graceful drawing by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

MRS. HELEN S. CONANT *contributes "A Chat about Volcanoes," and* A. W. ROBERTS *instructs the boys "How to Make a Set of Chess-Men out of Spools."*

Among the illustrations special attention may be called to a reproduction of M. BULAND'S *remarkable painting of Child Life in France, entitled*

"NOT EVEN A PENNY."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $1 50 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

DISTRICT DELEGATE CONVENTIONS.

FOUR years ago a few Republican bosses in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, by means of the party "machine" and the "unit rule," almost succeeded in defeating the will of the party at the National Convention. The plot was baffled by the courage of a few prominent delegates, who naturally refused, as men of honor, to be bound by a wholly unauthorized and absurd dictation; and the Convention, in order to prevent such tricks hereafter, ordered that the rules for selecting delegates to the Convention of 1884 should be devised in a way to secure to the Congressional districts the right to select their own delegates. The National Committee accordingly, in January, 1883, provided that

"The Republicans of the various Congressional districts shall have the option of electing their delegates at separate popular delegate conventions, called on similar notice [twenty days], and held in the districts at any time within fifteen days next prior to the meeting of the State Conventions, or by subdivision of the State Conventions into district conventions, and such delegates shall be chosen in the latter method if not elected previous to the meeting of the State Conventions, all district delegates to be accredited by the officers of such district conventions."

This provision was adopted in pursuance of a rule which was especially designed for the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and others in which the abuses of the boss and machine systems have been most flagrant. In such States wherever there are Congressional district committees they can take action under this rule without regard to the State Committee. That committee has only to take care, if a district convention be desired by the party, to call it to meet within the specified time. But in New York the party organization is formed generally by counties, not by Congressional districts, and the order of the National Convention, honestly construed, devolves upon the State Committee the duty of making effective the option of Republicans in every Congressional district. The situation demands evident good faith on all sides, and nothing could be more prejudicial to Republican interests and success in New York than even the appearance of the kind of management which was rebuked by the National Convention and by the vote of 1882. The honest way is obviously the most politic way, and the honest way is to submit a simple scheme for district conventions, leaving adoption to the discretion of the districts.

We do not say this with the knowledge that any other course is proposed. But as there are few district organizations, as district conventions involve some trouble, and as the custom has been to select district delegates at the State Convention, the State Committee might suppose that there was no desire for district conventions if there were no reminder of the action of the National Convention. That action, however, is not in the least forgotten by the Republicans of New York, as the remarks of the Republican press of the State plainly indicate. The State Committee will undoubtedly see that any failure to observe the purpose of that action, and to secure the selection of delegates without submitting the method of selection to the various districts, would inevitably be interpreted as a trick, and it would renew with increased bitterness the party differences in the State. The good judgment which was shown by the committee during the canvass of 1883 was of great service to the party, and that good judgment is the earnest of discreet and harmonious action in regard to the election of national delegates. Undoubtedly that election will be warmly contested between the machine wing of the party and the independent wing, because each of them will prefer different candidates, as each favors a different system of party management. But the State Committee probably understands that independent Republicans are neither deceived nor alarmed by the pretenses or the bullying of a machine, and it will therefore respect the mandate of the Convention.

MARCHING ON.

WHILE Secretary CHANDLER publicly discredits the reformed system of appointment to which the Republican Administration and party are committed, Mayor SCOVILLE, the Democratic Mayor of Buffalo, in accord with the Democratic Governor and in opposition to the Democratic politicians, has adopted an admirable scheme for introducing the reformed system into the service of that city. In doing this, Mayor SCOVILLE takes his position with the progressive spirit in politics—a position which no man of generous political ambition need fear that he will regret hereafter. Movements like that of reform in the civil service, which promote the interests of all the people against class interests, do not go backward. They spring from popular intelligence, and the more they are known, the stronger they become.

The President might very well say to his Secretary that as he has recommended and approved the law, it is a measure of his administration, and if any defects or imperfections of detail are discovered by the Secretary, as in the operation of all such laws, they are to be brought to his attention and to that of the Commission for inquiry, rather than to be published to prejudice public opinion. If Secretary CHANDLER has found, as reported, that a person certified to him as eligible to appointment to a clerical place requiring good penmanship and correct spelling could neither write well nor spell correctly, he could dismiss him immediately if he found that he were unfitted for the place. Whether intentionally or not, the Secretary conveys the impression that he is obliged to retain a person whom he knows to be incompetent, whereas the result of the examination merely entitles the successful men to enter upon a probation to show whether they have the peculiar tact and faculty which are desirable in every position. If this probation shows a man to be unfitted, he may be dismissed, however high his standing upon the examination may have been. The examination shows his comparative general intelligence. The probation tests his special fitness.

But under the spoils system there is no comparison of intelligence among applicants, and no test of competency whatever. Secretary TELLER was falsely reported to have said that if he is to be held responsible for his department he must be permitted to select his own subordinates. This is an old objection, and it implies that the Secretary would appoint only for fitness, which under the old system no appointing officer is permitted to do. He appoints, not for fitness, but in deference to authoritative politicians and political influence. All such theoretical complaints are of no weight whatever as against the opinion of Collector ROBERTSON and Postmaster PEARSON, in the chief Custom-house and Post-office of the country, in which the new system has been proved for several years, and to the entire satisfaction of those officers. If any Secretary distrusts and condemns the administrative methods adopted by the Administration, and is unwilling to be held responsible for them, he is always at liberty to resign.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IN the death of WENDELL PHILLIPS the greatest of American orators passed away. But to call him an orator is not to suggest a rhetorician, a maker of phrases, a mere elocutionary artist. It is to speak of an effective force in the state; of a man whose words were things, and whose speeches were events. The service of his oratory to the early antislavery cause in this country was incalculable. It drew the great multitude, who were charmed while they cursed. The resistless logic, the appeal to manliness and morality, the fiery indignation, the remorseless hail of wit and epigram and invective, the undaunted courage, the scornful defiance, yet all invested with superb suavity, with matchless grace, with penetrating music, could no more be eluded than in the clear sunshine the tree can escape its shadow. WENDELL PHILLIPS was as integral a part of the antislavery cause as JOHN BRIGHT of the Corn Law reform in England. Emancipation was not wrought in his way, but he quickened the conscience that compelled emancipation. His oratory vindicated the claim of oratory to a rank among the fine arts. Alone among all the famous orators which Puritanism has produced in Old and New England, PHILLIPS blended the sturdy conviction and rugged earnestness of the Puritan with the exquisite refinement and simple elegance of the Greek.

His mien and bearing were Patrician. It was PERICLES rather than PYM who stood upon the platform; and it was this aspect of high courtesy, of scholarly cultivation, of the fastidious taste and tranquillity of the most conservative sentiment, which made his appearance as an abolition orator the perpetual living attestation that the antislavery cause was not that of an ignorant class, and could not be dismissed as a vulgar agitation. Nothing, indeed, could be more quiet than his manner. His tone was always colloquial, never declamatory or strident. "Do you call that oratory?" said a hearer, who came away bewildered; "why, he merely stood up and talked like anybody else." His movement was simple, graceful, and of a certain leonine softness. His feeling was repressed and intense, not volcanic. In his sharpest invective the eyes almost closed, the voice sank low. The sincerity was too absolute to tolerate stormy passion. Yet in the audacity of oratory PHILLIPS could do what BURKE failed in doing, and what in EVERETT seemed only artificial. Once, as the antislavery debate was ending in civil war, after mentioning the name of a man whom he held up to contempt, he rinsed his mouth with water, and spat it out as if to avoid defilement. It was not a trick nor a habit. It was the deadly earnest of moral loathing, and the action thrilled the tense nerves of the crowd before him. The tranquillity of his manner and the colloquial tone were the product both of his temperament and his instinct of art. He knew that the truth of slavery was so terrible that any rhetorical decoration of it or vehement declamation would make it seem extravagant and unreal, and leave the hearer incredulous. WASHINGTON ALLSTON was not a truer artist than WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We speak of him as an orator, because as an orator his fame will endure. Oratory was the form in which he offered the sacrifice of his life to the poor and the oppressed. To say that he was a natural agitator is to say only that his genius enabled him to give a voice to the voiceless. It was obedient to the same spirit of the age which in literature is manifest in DICKENS and HOOD and CARLYLE. The "broadcloth mob" in Boston revealed to the young man the truth that there is no government or constitution in this country but public opinion, and in the interest of the slaves he consecrated his life to correcting, enlightening, elevating, and stimulating public opinion. In doing this he renounced all other aim and ambition, and even severed social relations. Naturally he included all the special reforms, as temperance, and woman's rights, and justice to the Indians. His advocacy of national paper money, and his later denunciation of the Republican party and of reform in the civil service, sprang from his conviction—a wholly erroneous conviction, as we think—that they were all unfriendly to poor men. He had come to think that the "respectable" classes are the dangerous classes, because, as he held, their mad and sole pursuit of wealth corrupted the church and the college, and bred a selfishness that consumed the feeble and the needy, and threatened anarchy. He believed that the constant tendency of a prosperous community is to sloth and moral stagnation, and that it must be necessarily shaken and aroused like a man stupefied with narcotics. "You shall sit down and toast your toes at the camp-fire," he said to a friend after the war, "but I will just put out into the underbrush." Much censure will mingle with the praise that will be spoken over his grave. But the clouds will soon pass from his name, as they have passed from that of his great friend and co-laborer GARRISON, and, like him, WENDELL PHILLIPS will be remembered with SAMUEL ADAMS and WARREN and QUINCY and the fathers of our liberty, his name, like theirs, a possession forever.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

MR. MORRISON has introduced his bill for a "horizontal reduction" of the tariff; that is to say, he proposes a different rate of protection, and places some articles upon the free list. But while his bill diminishes the rates of taxation, it is yet to be proved that it will reduce the revenue. The bill is not a party measure, for it takes very much the same position as the proposal of the Republican Tariff Commission. It does not directly open the question between protection and free trade, or even revenue reform in the sense of a non-protective revision of the tariff. It is, in fact, a protective measure, to be judged upon its merits, and upon the probabilities. Although it is the distinctive measure, the platform, to be laid down by the Democratic majority in Congress for the great political campaign of 1884, it fulfills in no sense the anticipation raised by the election of Speaker, and instead of an issue of principle, it raises simply a question of degree.

That it is not a party measure is seen in its reception by Democratic protective journals. But does their tone mean that they distrust their own associates, and that, as we suggested some time ago, they regard this bill merely as the strongest measure which free-trade sentiment dares at present to propose? The trouble with it undoubtedly is that however reasonable its general provisions may be, it is a protective bill supported by those who frankly declare that they are free-traders; and there is therefore a feeling that it is but the first step, the entering wedge, of a free-trade policy. Politically, it is natural that those who wish the redundant revenue to be reduced by a tariff revision which shall encourage domestic industry should prefer to see the revision accomplished by the friends of such encouragement rather than by those who hold tariff encouragement to domestic industry to be pernicious. MR. MORRISON, who introduces the present bill, is classed with the free-traders of his party. He was the chief supporter of the

Speaker, who was nominated against Mr. RANDALL on that very issue.

While, therefore, the new bill is not properly a Democratic measure in the sense of raising a question of principle between the parties, the circumstances under which it appears will probably produce party opposition. Yet the object sought by it—the reduction of taxation and of a redundant revenue—is earnestly desired by a great body of Republicans. The bill is introduced by a member of the majority, yet it does not serve a party purpose. It would therefore be very unfortunate if party opposition to it should place the Republicans in the position of opposing a reduction of taxation and of favoring a revenue far beyond the requirements of the government. It would certainly be a mistake to pursue a course which would give the Democratic party so excellent a cry for the campaign. It would be very unwise for Republicans to assume that the precise distribution and duties of the present tariff can not be wisely amended or improved, and the course taken by the minority in the House will test the wisdom of its leadership. To say that the country is impatient of tariff tinkering is true in this sense, that alterations of the tariff always disturb manufactures and trade, which are based upon an existing tariff. But regarding the tariff as a tax, it is not supposable that the country protests against lowering the taxes. Mr. MORRISON'S bill, however, will not unite his party, and it will provoke a debate which will probably last long enough to prevent its passage.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE proceedings at the temporary organization of the new Republican County Committee in New York were very comical. The result of the reorganization of the party is that Mr. O'BRIEN, the chief of the old machine, remains in supreme control, and, fresh from "the deal" with JOHN KELLY, takes command of the new organization. "Here we are again!" says the excellent artist of the circus ring, and the old machine can echo his cheerful words.

The remedy for the situation lies where we have always supposed it to lie, in the independence and courage of the individual voter. So long as under the system of patronage in minor subordinate places a great deal of money can be made in politics, those who devote themselves to making the money will give time, attention, and skill to party management, which the great multitude of intelligent party men can not give, and they will largely control party action; and as they will have their way in the caucus and the primary meeting, the voters of the party must have their way at the polls, if they are to have their way at all.

The only way to beat the bosses of every degree is to scratch and stay at home. The practical question at the election is, whether in the actual situation, whatever it may be, the success of the party under bad management is preferable to the triumph of the other party. Undoubtedly the answer will often be that it is. But this will not be always the reply. It was very different from this in 1879; it was appallingly different from this in 1882. The machine which resumes its old position in New York, however, can not resume its old power. An improved public sentiment and the reform law stand in the way. And the machine is a very much more stupid body than we believe it to be if in the light of experience it is not fully aware that any of its old antics to pack a convention and to control its action would doubtless defeat the Republican party in New York. The dinner of Brooklyn Republicans on WASHINGTON'S birthday will show the machine in New York and throughout the country the spirit and purpose which will decide the Presidential election of 1884. There will be no threats and no denunciation. But there will be a very plain forecast of the way to Republican victory.

THE CESNOLA VERDICT.

AFTER a prolonged, exhaustive, and exhausting trial, in which every opportunity was offered to those who desire to discredit the Metropolitan Art Museum to produce all the evidence against its general value and authenticity that they could procure, the jury without hesitation at once peremptorily dismissed the charges as unsustained. The accusation in substance was that General DI CESNOLA was an unprincipled adventurer who had tampered with a questionable collection of antiquities until he had entirely destroyed their historical and illustrative value, and the object of the accusation was to destroy public confidence in the collection. The method of the attack was an assault upon the character of General DI CESNOLA, with the apparent expectation that, if he were proved to be a knave, the collection would be adjudged worthless.

But the attack has failed utterly, and although those who had warmly decried the director, and alleged that the collection was fraudulent, announce that they are of the same opinion still, the public will not hesitate for a moment to accept the verdict as a vindication of the integrity of the collection and of the good faith of the director. It has not escaped the observation of those who have followed the trial that no adequate or intelligible motive has been assigned for the alleged frauds. It was not contended by the friends of the Museum that the director was a trained archæologist or general scholar, nor that he had not said and done, like all the rest of us, some regrettable things. But there was no question that he had resided in Cyprus, that he had found a great number and variety of objects of art, that he had sold them together, that he had received the money for them, and had been placed in charge of them as superintendent. This was undeniable. But the charge was that then, after all this, without any conceivable motive, he had deliberately tampered with the collection, taking the chance of destroying its authenticity in the public mind, and depriving himself of his position. The accusation under these circumstances should have been that he was an idiot, not a knave.

Every friend of the Museum will rejoice that the fullest possible hearing and the most ingenious representation and argument have been allowed to this impeachment of the integrity of one of the most interesting institutions in the city. Those friends will rejoice no less that the legal defense was intrusted to advocates so intelligent, self-possessed, and competent as Mr. CHOATE and Mr. STICKNEY. It is not to be expected that the gibes at the Museum will immediately cease, but there is no doubt that its value and authenticity will not be again questioned.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

MR. DORSHEIMER'S copyright bill has been reported favorably to the House. He has wisely modified the provision which gave copyright to the foreign author only during his life. This was obviously wrong, for it practically destroyed the value of the right by making it absolutely uncertain in duration.

The bill grants a foreign author copyright for a book or any dramatic or musical composition, with a right of publicly performing or representing a dramatic composition, for twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen years. Whenever any foreign country shall grant like privileges to citizens of the United States, the President shall make a public proclamation, naming that country, and from the date of that proclamation the citizens of the country named shall be entitled to the privileges of the act. The act does not apply to the citizens of any foreign country which has not granted like privileges to citizens of the United States. Whenever any foreign country shall cease to grant such privileges to citizens of the United States, the citizens of such country shall cease to enjoy the privileges of the act. No copyright shall be obtained for any book, dramatic or musical composition, which shall have been published, nor for any dramatic composition which shall have been publicly performed, in the United States before the author shall have become entitled to the privileges of the act. Applications for a copyright must be made within one year after publication in a foreign country.

The recent letter of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN to the secretary of the Copyright League shows that the principle of this bill is approved by the Department, and the bill would probably receive the President's signature should it pass Congress. The rights of American manufacturers, in the view of Mr. DORSHEIMER and of the Secretary of State, are protected by the tariff. Public opinion is evidently prepared for some legislation upon the subject, and although we have sought the same end in another way, we shall see with pleasure the common object attained in any way which respects all just interests involved.

A WAY OF PEACE.

THE bill to promote education, designed mainly for the aid of the Southern States, provides for the appropriation of $15,000,000 during the first year, decreasing $1,000,000 each year afterward for ten years. The general principle of the bill, although open to some constitutional question, has been affirmed by Congress more than once, and it will be more favorably regarded than ever in the present form and for the present purpose.

The Southern States, indeed, have been the most urgent and jealous advocates of State sovereignty and of the strict limitation of the national authority. But the abnormal ignorance in certain States, due to a local institution which has been abolished by the national power—an ignorance with which, from the circumstances attending the overthrow of old institutions, the States themselves are peculiarly unable to deal—is really a national concern, and if any such State in its endeavor to remove the ignorance should desire national assistance, the precedent of such assistance may be most properly invoked.

Some of the States in which, nevertheless, more general instruction might not seem to be superfluous, it is said by some of their citizens, would not thank the country for the proposed aid. The bill, however, is not mandatory. No State is compelled to receive assistance, and upon declining to touch it the amount allotted would be transferred to the general fund for distribution.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, who is something of a traveller, complains that the smoking-room of the average transatlantic steamer is a "noisy, stenchful pandemonium of drinking, betting, gambling with cards and dice, into which no decent person can enter without receiving an offense, and in which no peace-loving person can stay without exasperation." Dr. ROBINSON, it may be added, is no bigot on the subject of tobacco. He uses the weed temperately himself.

—Speaking of the results of a classical education, one of the best Greek scholars in this country declares that there does not exist a graduate of an American college who can properly affix the accents to a page of printed Greek.

—The vice of gambling was recently so prevalent among the students of a leading college in the Eastern part of this country that the faculty were compelled to take summary measures of cure. It was found that one of the students had lost every dollar in his possession, every article of furniture in his room, and every stitch of clothing on his person; and that another student was in reality a professional gambler, who had entered the institution for the sole purpose of fleecing the youths. When he was dismissed from college he still continued in the neighborhood, and it was impossible to get rid of him.

—Says an esteemed contemporary: "Our City Fathers—such of them as can read—must have recalled with peculiar satisfaction yesterday the saying that 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' The Assembly vote on the bill to withdraw from them the confirming power was the cruelest blow, next to the abolition of the Board, that could have been experienced; but the shades of evening mercifully brought the French Cooks' Ball, with its various consolations, not the least of which was that the tickets, each one bearing a wine-room coupon, did not cost the aldermen a cent."

—The style of dancing has improved in England during the last three or four years, the wild galops and mad waltzes having given way to the *valse à trois temps*, and now there is a demand for the ceremonious old minuet. We are sorry to learn, however, that many young gentlemen bob their heads instead of bowing, and that there is a cubbishness in some of them which makes them ashamed to be graceful before ladies.

—Mr. EUGENE MEEKS, an American artist, who has been elected Professor of the Royal Art Academy of Florence, Italy, has recently returned to this country for a brief visit, bringing with him a collection of his pictures, among which are some striking views made last summer in the neighborhood of TITIAN'S house. Mr. MEEKS will soon exhibit these works in this city. They have, we understand, a high reputation in Italy.

—The Marquis of Hertford's accident while hunting was due, of course, to the falling of his horse, and as the rider failed to disengage his feet from the stirrups, the animal rolled upon him. A bed was procured from the nearest house, and laid upon a gate. The Marquis, seventy years old, was placed upon the bed, and carried by his companions to his house—a journey an hour long—where he soon died. He had that reputation for good taste and good nature which is said to be an unfailing precursor to an appointment as Lord Chamberlain.

—Another old hunter, the Prince de Joinville, now in his sixty-sixth year, met with an accident in the field. The Marquis of Hertford was hunting a fox, but the Prince was after a boar, which his pack of hounds had succeeded in bringing to bay. The beast's tusks were six inches long, and as the Prince galloped down a hill to give him the *coup de grace* with a knife, his horse fell heavily, and was fatally injured, although the Prince escaped with only a severe shaking.

—M. DE LESSEPS predicts that the Panama Canal will be opened before 1888.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has been amusing a literary society by lecturing upon the subject of "Nothing," though he reminded them that he was not the first person who had attempted to discuss that theme. Lord ROCHESTER, the friend of CHARLES II., addressed a very clever poem to "Nothing"; a French writer, quoted by Dr. JOHNSON, wrote a Latin poem to show that Nothing is purer than water, Nothing is richer than gold, Nothing is higher than the heavens, and so on. The speaker defined masterly inactivity as the art of sitting still and not committing yourself in any action at a time when it is not convenient you should do so.

—A proposal made in the French Chamber of Deputies that the government should redeem all articles pledged for less than ten francs at the great pawnbrokerage establishment, the Mont de Piété, has brought to light some curious information. The object of the proposal was to benefit the destitute poor of Paris, but it turns out that the great bulk of things pawned for less than ten francs is not such as belong to working people at all. For instance, in this extraordinary collection are 5500 opera-glasses, 400 cases of mathematical instruments, 150 boxes of water-colors, 425 church missals, 550 fans, 70 meerschaum pipes, 3000 umbrellas, and 65,000 gold rings. Moreover, it is estimated that at least three-fifths of the pawn tickets have been sold by the holders to dealers, who therefore would be benefited, to the exclusion of the original holders, should the proposal become a law.

—MUNKACSY'S new painting, "Christ on Calvary," is the subject of a half-column impassioned dispatch from Paris to the London *Times*. Herr BLOWITZ has "no hesitation in saying—and I am proud to be the first to say so—that the 'Christ on Calvary' will not afford room even for the fewer reservations that tempered the general admiration for 'Christ before Pilate.'" Herr BLOWITZ is a critic whom MUNKACSY is not likely to despise.

—Queen VICTORIA was sponsor for the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MANNERS, who was christened on the 23d of January. Though Miss MANNERS starts out well-equipped, there is doubtless something left for her.

—The Czar of Russia has been told by his physicians that a less secluded life is necessary to restore his nerves. He now devotes much time to social gayeties. A similar reason may explain why some other excellent men are similarly devoted.

—An Eastern traveller notes that in India every one travels with bed and baggage, and to see half a hundred Hindoos wildly racing up and down a platform, with their bedclothes in their arms or wrapped around their bodies, is exciting till constant repetition wears off the edge of novelty.

—A householder in Bombay was asked what percentage of the charges in his monthly expense-book went into his butler's pocket. "Well," he replied, after some serious thought, "he shouldn't fairly get more than twenty-five per cent."

—Monsignor CAPEL is authority for the statement that there is not a priest in New York city whose salary is more than five hundred dollars a year.

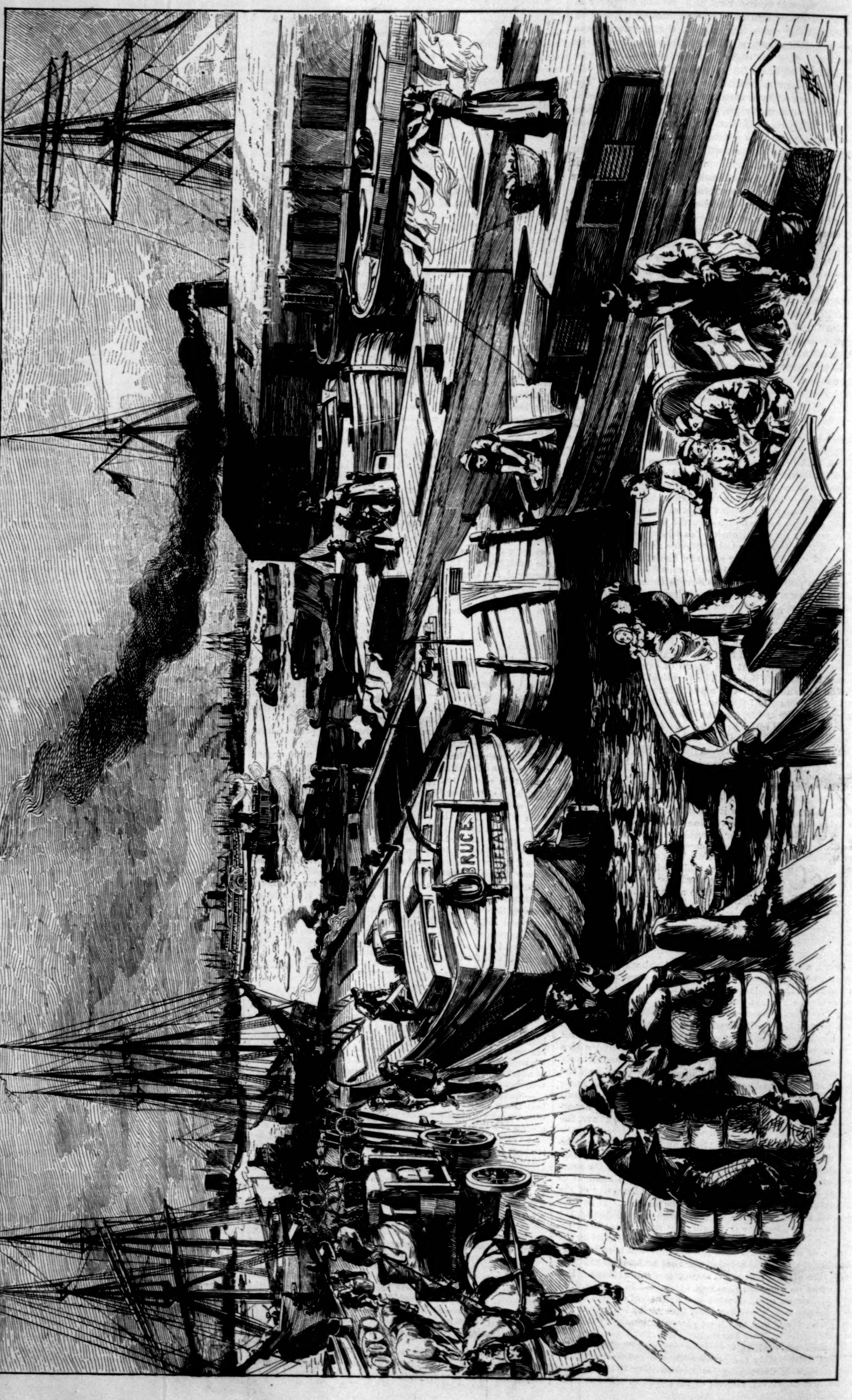
—The post-mortem examination of the body of WENDELL PHILLIPS showed disease of the heart of long standing. The blood-vessels which supplied the heart were nearly obstructed by early disease, and the heart itself was enlarged and fatty.

—Prince BISMARCK was very fleshy, but after subjecting himself to treatment prescribed by a German physician, he lost sixty pounds in eight weeks, and is now in normal condition, sleeping well, taking long walks without fatigue, and enjoying long rides on horseback. That physician could make a fortune in this city.

—The Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, in discussing the influence of the stage, notes some of the limitations of the actor: "He must labor at night when other people enjoy themselves; and his labor is especially exhausting to the nervous energy, so that he must sleep through the sunniest hours of the day. He is cut off seriously from social intercourse, even in the period of his fame, and until his fame is acquired he has no chance to go into the world. The chief interests of mankind—business and politics—have but little part in his life. The movements of social reform pass him by. He dwells habitually in a world of his own—a world apart from his fellow-creatures. He belongs to a caste. His notions of behavior are suggested by his environment. His ideas of virtue are apt to be characterized by the peculiarities of a remote and fanciful ideal."

—Dr. BUCKLEY has been telling the New York Anthropological Society that his researches have led him to disbelieve that the mesmeric influence has anything to do with the exertion of the will power. He has known persons who went into a trance when entirely alone. He thinks that a trance is sure to occur when these three conditions are fulfilled, namely, confidence, expectancy, and subjugation of the will.

—In a description of life in Provence, France, Mr. HENRY JAMES says: "There is no rule of good manners or morals which makes it improper, at a café, to fix one's eyes upon the *dame de comptoir*; the lady is, in the nature of things, more or less on exhibition. We were therefore free to admire without restriction the handsomest person I had ever seen give change for a five-franc piece. She was a large, quiet woman who would never see forty again, of an intensely feminine type, yet wonderfully rich and robust, and full of a certain physical nobleness. She had the dignity of a Roman empress, and she handled coppers as if they had been stamped with the head of CÆSAR. I have seen washer-women in the Trastevere who were perhaps as handsome as she; but even the head-dress of the Roman contadina contributes less to the dignity of the person born to wear it than the sweet and stately Arlesian cap, which sits at once aloft and on the back of the head, which is accompanied with a wide black bow covering a considerable part of the crown, and which finally accommodates itself indescribably well to the manner in which the tresses of the front hair are pushed behind the ears."



LAID UP FOR WINTER—CANAL-BOAT COLONY IN COENTIES SLIP, EAST RIVER.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 106.]

"THE THREE BOSSES OF GOTHAM WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL."

YOUNG HEARTS.

WHAT though the years are flying fast,
And silver sprinkles through the hair,
And crow's-feet come, and wrinkles last
In spite of pride's most jealous care;
That with reluctance we confess,
And "growing old" escapes the tongue?
So plain a truth should not distress:
'Tis nothing if the heart be young.

That we have errors to regret
Is but the common lot of all:
There's something to be lived for yet,
So struggle on, whate'er befall.
'Tis useless that above the past
The dirges of remorse are rung;
We'll fight old Time unto the last,
And triumph while the heart is young.

While life exists, the light of hope
Should never be obscured by gloom,
But brighten all our horoscope
Until our footsteps touch the tomb.
The oldest still have truths to learn,
So faith should never be unstrung:
Our little lamps will cheerly burn
As long as e'er the heart is young.

And how shall hearts be kept in green
When cheeks are sunk and eyes are dim,
When age brings on the days of spleen,
And memory croons a funeral hymn?
By finding means of doing good;
By soothing souls with sorrow stung.
Thus age and death are long withstood,
And thus our hearts kept ever young.

LAID UP FOR THE WINTER.

THE dock at Coenties Slip, East River, near the end of South Street, contains a large colony of canal-boats, which have been laid up there during the suspension of navigation on the canals. They form a sort of marine village, such as may be seen on the rivers in China. Boatmen, and in some cases their families, live on board these inland water craft, and are very comfortable in spite of contracted quarters.

ROSE MARCH.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

A SOUND of merry voices rang through a mountain defile in the clear autumnal air.

Sketching the steep wood, across whose dusky pine-tops lay long slants of afternoon sunlight, was a young artist, Jonas Leigh. In contradiction to his alert glance and busy hand, the solitude, with an effect not unlike slumber, had wrapped him in a sort of dream. He started from his reverie to behold a score or more of young people plunging down the wild gorge, and leaping with shouts of laughter from rock to rock.

This hilarious party emerged upon an amphitheatre cloven in wooded mountain-peaks, and holding a deep, dark basin, wherein descended with an incessant roar a far-famed water-fall. From the basin tortuous streams gliding off whirled stormily between huge blocks of stone, and rushing into impenetrable greenwoods beyond, sent back from some far-off abyss of the forest the ghost of a cheer.

On the central of the isleted stones, wet by the spray of the fall, and reached only by a bold spring across the current, the artist had pitched the paraphernalia of his task. Beside him, stretched like a lizard upon the rock, lay a half-witted boy. All day these two had been the sole spectators of the scene.

In the profound grandeur of the haunt, intruding mirth was involuntarily hushed, and Leigh had leisure to study the group, who dispersed with a subdued air, and stood spell-bound along the shelving steeps. One figure quickly attracted his eye, for it furnished the very touch of color needed to give accent to his sketch.

Of this figure, hovering with feminine audacity at the gulf's edge, the attitude was graceful as the color. Leigh, with the surreptitious license of art, had caught the pose and the blue skirt, laid in the red cloak, and was about to handle, with a freedom of touch infinitely satisfactory to himself, the flowing wreath of brown hair and meditative straw hat, when the model moved. The mood of overawe had passed, and with her hand in that of her companion—a man in the studied mountaineer costume worn only by city youth—she began with him the crossing of the rocks.

"Oh, Rose, don't go there!" cried voices from the ledges. "Be careful—be careful of yourself, Rose March!"

The way in which Rose March was careful of herself was to clear with light and decisive steps stream after stream, and presently to reach by one supple bound the rock where Jonas Leigh was in the act of laying his crowning stroke in shape of a heavy "load of light" upon her devoted head.

Erskine Haight, the companion of Rose March, at once begged leave to examine the sketch, and by intelligent remarks proved himself an artistic connoisseur. His appreciative phrases were delightful to a student hitherto alone in his work. Then drew near to Jonas too that sunbeam of a girl's face that made Rose March everywhere and ever a welcome guest.

"I have been studying a moonlight effect," said Leigh, thoroughly won to confidence; and he produced from a collection of studies brought into the woods for correcting touch one of the glen through which the falls were approached—a view drawn by moonlight at the junction of mountain path and forest-hewn high-road.

"Too cold, I know," he said, apologetically. "It needs the warmth of a lighted tent or a camp fire."

"You should burn the barn," said Rose March.

"I should like to burn it," replied Leigh, referring, as she had done, to the one obnoxious object in a singularly beautiful and romantic passage—a misplaced adjunct to the mountain farmhouse where the artist had been for several weeks lodged.

"A suggestion worth considering," observed Haight. "A veritable conflagration, threatening terror to the greenwood repose, would give an exciting tinge to your moonlight grays."

Rose had laid her hand upon her companion's arm in sign they must go, but he lingered to add another affable word, and to give his card to Jonas Leigh. "Call upon me," he said, "when you come to New York. My father is fond of art, and his collection of paintings, although not large, is, I think you will say, carefully selected. There is one 'Von Schindel' that in its treatment of contrasted lights will especially interest you."

Vociferous voices from the ledges urged a return, and they recommenced the venturous passage. "By all means," said Rose, looking back to the artist, and postscripting with a bright smile her companion's good-by, "burn the barn."

Recrossing the rocks, they ascended the laddered cliffs to go under the fall, and half an hour afterward the whole party emerged upon a sun-swept ridge, and dropping adown its far slope, disappeared from view.

Jonas Leigh felt a sudden lack of zeal for his work, and began to stow away brushes and paints. "Come, Mapey," he said to his almost forgotten companion; "it is growing late."

Mapey, who during the visit had remained stretched upon the rocks feigning a dead sleep, assumed immediately upon its close a sitting posture, and watched with curious eyes the dizzy ascent of the cliffs. He sprang up now with a laugh, and muttered, in broken *sotto voce* peculiar to himself,

"Ain't she a spark, though? Mighty! ain't she a spark?"

"A pretty little red cloak, Mapey," said Jonas Leigh, gently, "to shine like a coal o' fire through the woods."

The boy made no reply. But as he plunged into the homeward path, and burrowed through branch-arched clefts, or with awkward strides mounted the slippery floors of the pine wood, he reiterated, without recognition of its analyzed version, his own crude thought.

"Mighty! ain't she a spark!" made more than once a rude refrain not inapt to Leigh's meditations, as he climbed the steeps to the mountain farm, whose meadows, encircled by gilded hill-tops, were already bathed in the cooling gloom and balmy herbal fragrance of the dusk.

A month glided away. The rich October days, beautiful upon the mountains, had given place to sad and bleak November. Through the bare trees the north wind sounded shrill, a cold gray cloud shrouded the sky, and the late moon showed its place by a wan sphere of lustre. In the river-side town below the mountains, itself crowning betwixt river and rivulet miniature mountain-peaks with roof and spire and turret, the houses were lighted with their evening lamps.

The hour was too late for traffic; village shops were closed, and the way-sides nearly deserted, when a country wagon, driven rapidly, turned from the main street into a narrow and unfrequented by-road, and slackened its speed as its wheels struck the harsh stones that, between towering hedges, paved a steep acclivity.

Before a gateway on the summit of a hill the road closed in a fenced court; the vehicle stopped, and a cheery voice called out, "Here we are!" Instantly a door was thrown open in a house confronting the court, and a girl upholding a lantern stood in the porch.

The house at first glance had the appearance of a bleak but substantial country dwelling, built in that Connecticut style which distributes two windows on each side of a porticoed front door, and five windows on the second story, under a dormer roof. It had the peculiarity to be one-half whitewashed and one-half red brick. Above the whitewashed portion was a small belfry, and still closer scrutiny discovered that the windows on this side were without blinds, and grated securely by iron bars.

The girl who held the lantern receded into the hall, as of the four men who occupied the wagon three entered the house. The first was the owner of the cheery voice—a portly, handsome man of middle age. The second and third, with their arms interlocked, were a subaltern in the employ of the sheriff, and a prisoner bound at ankles and wrists.

To this prisoner the portly personage, who was no other than the sheriff himself, said a few not unfriendly words, and, as he spoke, unlocked upon the passage, directly opposite a cozy crimson-lined sitting-room, a cell, cold, dark, and, to the youth who found himself presently immured in its solitude, grimly dismal like a tomb.

"Father, are you awake?" asked a voice so low it could have broken no strong man's slumber.

"Yes, but your mother sleeps."

"Let me come to you, then. I shall not disturb her. I am walking with bare feet."

With a tread absolutely noiseless a white-robed girl, just visible as she crossed the room in moonlight that now long past midnight shone through breaking clouds, stole to the bedside, and dropped upon her knees. "Dear father," said her tremulous voice, "comfort me if you can. A dreadful dream has given me fright."

"Be comforted, then, at once, my child, for a dream has power only over sleep. You might have reason to tremble, pet, if your dream were a dreadful fact."

"I fear," said the girl, shivering no less violently, although the sheriff's kindly hand had folded around her the wadded watch cloak that hung at his bed-post—"I fear my dream *is* a frightful fact. I must confess to you now why I was so excited when you were telling mother the story of the prisoner to-night. Father, I have seen that prisoner before. I understand all about his crime. My conscience tells me that it is your own poor girl who is guilty of his guilt. Oh, in my dream I was standing at his side in a great court-room hung with black, and sentence was pronounced upon us both."

"Dreams go by contraries," said the father, in a not altogether cheerful voice. He was in reality seriously perturbed—troubled deeply from a source of which the girl conjectured naught. He rallied his sinking spirits, and said: "When a man is accused of crime, the accusation is not a proof of guilt. In this case the prisoner protests his innocence, and he has in his favor a frank manner and a fine, truthful face. It is true that circumstantial evidence is against him; it is true that Deacon Wilder's barn was burned under suspicious circumstances, and when two men were sleeping, and were known by this unhappy youth to sleep, in the barn's loft, and barely they escaped with life. It is true that—"

"*I told him to burn it*," sobbed the girl. She had buried her head in the pillow. The sheriff's face, unseen by her, was swept with a look of pain, born of no new concern, and not for the first time felt. "I was only in jest," she went on, "but *words are words;* they passed my lips. Oh, father dear, are there no good angels to gather up idle words, and save them from reaching grief?"

The father, to answer comfortingly, had to stifle a voice of anguish in his heart. The mother awakened. "What ails thee, Davie?" she asked.

"Go to bed, my little one," said the sheriff's kindly voice. "Mother, it is only our pet, who has had a disturbing dream. 'Tis the babe's rhyme over again, 'Father, father, I've come to confess,' and 'Well, child—' Would she *were* a babe again!" sighed the stifled voice at his heart. "Now go, pet, to your rest. You have meant no harm; then have faith. No cruel ill ever comes from words said without guile or guilt."

And Rose March, comforted in part, but wishing in her secret soul she had never dropped an idle word like a grain of fire into the wilds of the wood, crept back to bed.

And Jonas Leigh, in his dismal cell, with sad unsleeping eyes, saw the moonlight on the gray wall barred across with black, but saw with an inner sight that knew no walls or bars a doorway opening into a bright, warm, roseate space; and in that doorway, dropping a lantern from arm's-length to her feet in sudden surprise of recognition, a lovable figure budding into a woman's first grace; saw, chasing away his night, that sunbeam of a girl's face.

The position of Rose March in the society of the fastidious river town where she dwelt was, to superficial view, an anomaly. Living in an isolated house, known familiarly by the forbidding title of "The Jail," there was not a sumptuous mansion far or near that did not open its doors gladly to her smiling entrance. The sheriff's daughter was not only "the village beauty," but the favored darling in the summer country-seats. Her mother, a gentle Quakeress, seldom seen beyond her own garden gate, was said to be an object of adoration to the prisoners, over whom she extended a pious care. The sheriff himself, a liberally educated man, jovial in disposition, and what in his capacity served him best, a model of masculine vigor, had been for years encumbered with a litigation that involved large hereditary estates. This prospective heirdom had some weight, no doubt, in the estimate in which he was held; but to his redoubtable physique, his cordial manner, and genuine goodness of heart he was indebted primarily for his substantial popularity. His pretty daughter heightened the favorable effect.

It was not strange, then, that when Rose March gave her valentine party there were numbered among its "truly rural" guests several city youths who were willing to make a brief journey in the inclement season to their summer haunt for the sake of seeing their bright favorite, and for the good time, with spice of novelty, they were sure to have. Among these came Mr. Haight, summoned for a reason known only to Rose and himself.

No one could have imagined who entered the wide hall of the country house on the evening of the fête, and found two stories of attractive rooms opened to guests, with music and space for the dance, that on the other side of the fragrant arcade improvised of hot-house plants and evergreens there were harsh cells, and even chains.

The evening passed gayly, and after supper valentines were read. These valentines, directed but not signed, had been dropped, by whichever of the guests chose to take advantage of the saint's day, into a large basket, which now at the appointed hour was brought from its corner and made the centre of the sitting-room. The music still stirred the air with exciting waltz, but the dancers, without exception, thronged to the reading of the billets-doux.

Mr. Haight was the last to enter the room, and then it was remembered by several people that for the greater part of the evening he had not been visible.

Rose March stole to his side. "What do you think?" she whispered.

"As you think," he answered.

"And of his work?"

"Yes; and I shall use all means in my power to bring him help, Rosie. You need not fear."

Rose's eyes had filled with tears. She rested her hand tremulously for a moment on his, and then his friendship for her took fright. "Be careful," he said, gravely—"be careful of yourself, Rose March."

At this moment a peal of laughter shook the room in applause of a comic valentine just read. Neither Rose nor Mr. Haight had heard a word. They tried to listen to the next and next. Then came one that forced them to listening:

"Miss Rose March."

Thus began the reader's clear voice. A slight flush brightened Mr. Haight's cheek; he recognized the envelope, and supposing the words about to be read to be his own composition, he felt something of an author's nervousness. But he was mistaken. The words were quite different from his; they had been slipped into the envelope by an accident afterward explained—an accident whose result produced a startling effect.

The reader had a clear, bold voice, and the aptitude that seized with correct emphasis each line as it occurred; but he had not a sensitive glance of comprehension to gather the effect of a whole page or verse; consequently, regardless of disaster, he read on clearly and loudly to the end.

"TO ROSE.

"The legend of St. Valentine
That paints his heart most clearly
Shows how in martyr's prison cast
He loved, and loved most dearly.
Something of pity touched his love:
The maid, his jailer's daughter,
Alas was blind! Helped from above,
The saint to sight restored her.

"Ah, if as patron of his eve
St. Valentine in glory
Would give imprisoned mortals leave
To re-ingraft his story,
What sharing of Love's life-long sight
Should ease my heart o'erladen,
And what rich worlds of undreamed light
Would dazzle thee, sweet maiden!"

An ominous silence followed the reading. Then the sheriff emerged from the corner, where he had been resting beside his wife's arm-chair, with his great kind hand lying on her shoulder, in full sympathy with whatever admiring word might have been written "To Rose."

He emerged at white-heat of anger, and crossed the room, muttering, as some ears heard, such words as, "What dastard has dared do this? What insulting wretch risks his life to address 'his jailer's daughter'? What learn what 'his jailer' means!" "Excuse me," he said to two or three guests who sprang to their feet, alarmed by his flashing glance and threatening dead paleness—"excuse me, and go on with the sport." He remembered his duties as host.

A pause, a ruffled silence, followed his exit; and then, at a quiet message sent by Rose's mother to the reader, the reading of valentines began again. Fortunately, the choice fell on a witty one; the volatile audience laughed merrily. A still more piquant love missive followed; the audience became vociferous.

At the same instant, outside the sitting-room, the musicians in their evergreen-panoplied nook witnessed a jarring scene that for five minutes or more caused their instruments to jangle. They saw the sheriff, formidable in wrath, drag from the cell opposite the crimson-lined guest parlor a youthful prisoner.

Upstairs the two men passed with harsh, inimical footsteps. A door above was gratingly unlocked, a heavy sound, a clanking ring, a volley of harsh words, and presently a reclanging of the bolt, and the sheriff, from that cold, narrow, unventilated cell, never given but to the most obdurate prisoners, returned alone.

From that time until the hour when Jonas Leigh was dragged from his cell to be taken to his trial, Rose March was never once allowed to exchange with him a glance or word. Before that time she had conversed with him daily, had supplied him with drawing materials and books, given him flowers from the winter plants, shared with him whatever luxury she might; but after the reading of the prisoner's valentine "To Rose," strict orders were given by the sheriff to every member of his household to leave the unhappy man alone. With all her father's tenderness to herself, Rose could not but perceive in him a sad change. He was moody, restless, unhappy, as she never could have imagined his bright spirit to become. He regarded her in a mournful, searching way that gave her heart sharp pain. But despite her filial love, and a life-long habit of making her father's will her law, she braved his displeasure on the morning of the trial.

She sprang suddenly past him as he stood in the hallway giving last orders concerning the conveying of the prisoner to the court-room, and seized Jonas Leigh's hand. "Keep up your courage," she said to him. "Courage! I shall be praying for you every minute of this day."

The time of trial had come. The court-room for two days had been crowded with anxious auditors, for the case had excited a wide interest. From the prisoner's home in the far West his aged father, his pastor, several friends who had known him from his birth, came to uphold him, and to testify to his characteristic worth. On the other hand, there were witnesses from the mountain district where the Wilders lived, who brought proof, in shape of circumstantial evidence, that Jonas Leigh was guilty of a crime whose penalty is imprisonment for life.

The judge was about to charge the jury, when a motion was made by the prisoner's counsel to admit new witnesses on behalf of the defense. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, this motion was granted by the judge.

There was a stir in the court-room at this event, a thrill of surprise, for the first new witness called was Deacon Wilder's wife. There would have been a still keener interest could the audience have known that until one half-hour before her appearance in their sight the testimony she bore had been unknown to the prisoner's counsel, and to the last moment unsuspected by the prisoner himself.

Mrs. Wilder testified that she had a son "different from other folks, bright enough about some things, but *wanting* about others. A good boy, fond of his mother, not mischievous generally, and now so very ill—dying—on his death-bed, poor Mapey!" And here the good woman began to weep pitifully, and could not for some moments recover herself.

She went on, prompted by an occasional question used to deter feminine digression, and bring her statements to the point.

The illness of the boy was "a providence, arter all, for it proved he had the right stuff in him, and had only lacked some knack of bringing it out." He had been in the woods one day with a wood-cutter, and a heavy limb of a pine-tree had in falling struck poor Mapey's head. He was brought home unconscious, and after that suffered from a long fever; and when the fever left him he was discovered to be "quite sensible, as he never was afore in his life, and right smart."

In the delirium of fever he had talked of "burning the barn"—burning the south-lot barn, and described the scene "quite vivid like, yet folks thought it just his raving, and took no notice on't." But after he had "come to himself" with real intelligence, he told his doctor deliberately, and with exact detail, how he had set fire to the barn one night "because a girl at the falls told Mr. Leigh to burn it, and Mr. Leigh didn't."

The doctor remembered that in the evidence something had been said of an oil can missing from the Wilders' kitchen since the eventful night, and supposed to have been used in the incendiary act. He had the wit to ask,

"When you had set fire to the barn, what did you do with the oil can, Mapey?"

The boy answered, "I hid it in the Witch's Kiln."

Under shelving stones of a curious natural pit, known in the rocky region of the falls as the Witch's Kiln, the missing can was found. Other disclosures of the same kind designated Mapey as the innocent actor in the criminal deed.

Mrs. Wilder's evidence was corroborated by the doctor, and by a farmer who had seen Mapey on the night of the fire in circumstances confirming his account. The judge's charge to the jury was made in a different spirit from that in which it had been planned—a change rejoicing the judge; for sympathy *versus* judgment had pleaded, as no judge can allow his heart to plead in court, in favor of Jonas Leigh.

The young artist, weighing well each word of the trial, had suffered all the agony of anticipating an adverse verdict, and had schooled himself to be firm. When the "Not guilty" sounded through the death-like stillness of the crowded room he experienced such an emotion of joy as few lifetimes furnish sufficiently dark background of grief to fully reveal.

The verdict was followed by acclamations that shook the court-house walls. But what awoke Leigh to complete recognition of the fact that he was a free man was the pressure of the sheriff's hand, and a look into his face from the eyes of that strong man, for so many bitter days his enemy, now for evermore his friend—a look dim with tears.

People said that, after speaking a word to the prisoner, the sheriff sank down on the bench and, covering his face with his hands, cried like a child.

Three years had passed away. The snow had been white three winters on Mapey Wilder's grave; and now another spring, new and beautiful as all springs are, brought the nodding wild flowers there, as it brought them to the happy places.

An evening in late April was so summer-like that in the river-town mansions hearth fires, not yet relinquished for the season, needed open windows to modify their warmth. In one luxurious parlor into which the April sweet airs crept, and where lamps but faintly burning left the whole room in softly crimson glow, there were leaning together upon a sofa two lovers—Rose March and Jonas Leigh.

Lovers, as one glance at their rapt faces and tender attitude could see; assured lovers, for there was something of time's perfect faith-giving in the calm intensity, the consummate content, of every expression and word.

"And you loved me always, really *always*, Rosy?" the lover asks now, for the many and many-eth time.

"Always," said Rose; "but never so well as the night that dreadful valentine informed me that I was blind. Do you know the good saint has never yet answered your prayer? I am blind still. Hopelessly blind I fear I always shall be to everything that does not in some way reflect upon, or shine upon, or lead me in the darkness to the one dear heart I see."

"Darling," said her lover, "I shall be willing never to have my prayer answered if I can keep you blind like this; blind, with no other bandage but love's across your dear, dear eyes."

Fortune as well as Love had smiled upon Rose March and Jonas Leigh. Sheriff March had come into possession of his rich inheritance, and the haunting fear that had driven him at one time near distraction—the fear that the forced occupation of the days of his waiting would by its dark associations mar the life of his darling child—had not been realized. Far from the gloomy jail his home was now, as delightful as it could be made by wealth and affection and happiness combined.

Jonas Leigh, after three years' study in France and Italy—a study prolonged and rendered complete by the liberal help of Rose's art-loving friend Mr. Haight—had returned to his own land an accomplished artist already nearing fame.

They were married on St. Valentine's Eve, not so many years ago but that Rose is the village beauty still.

Laura Sanford.

QUEER.

I know a woman who hath bounteous share
 Of this world's wealth, and who is young and gay,
With not a care save to bedeck herself
 In finest silks and satins every day.
For her is spread the daintiest of fare;
 On her commands the deftest servants wait;
No sounds of childish rompings vex her ear
 When, to receive her friends, she sits in state.
Goes she abroad, a carriage satin-lined
 Bears her where'er she chooses that it should;
And yet to neither friend nor kin gives she
 Aught to enhance their pleasure or their good.
Moths may destroy, and want of sunshine fade,
 She parts with nothing from her hoarded store;
On poverty she looks with scornful gaze,
 And ne'er to beggar is unbarred her door.
  Queer,
  Isn't it, dear?

I know another: very poor is she,
 And though not old, her brow is marked with care;
Eight children cluster round her, and 'tis hard
 To find them food to eat and clothes to wear.
Sometimes the meal she serves is scant indeed;
 Always her hours of sleep and rest are few;
She hath no help but little, willing hands
 That, though love guides them, can but little do.
And yet if poorer friend seek her, that friend
 With outstretched hand and brightsome smile is met,
While with the best the cottage can afford
 In kindly haste the humble board is set.
And from her door no beggar turns away
 Without some help, if but a bit of bread;
And even homeless dogs about it throng
 In simple trust that there they may be fed.
  Queer,
  Isn't it, dear?

THE PERILS OF THE PEARL FISHERIES.

The pearl, the lovely emblem of the Goddess of Chastity, has in almost every age and every country been a standing synonym for whatever is of priceless value or conspicuous beauty, and all the ordinary associations of the pretty gems are so dainty that it is difficult to connect with them the grisly dangers which really attend their collection. Yet when we consider that on an average from thirty to forty lives are annually lost, from sharks and other monsters, in the gathering of the precious shells, it would seem as if the deep was as jealously guarded as in the olden days of myth, when the sea-caves were watched by dreadful Scylla dragons, and the mermen's hoards were in the safe-keeping of Acœtes's sailor-devouring crew. Indeed, beautiful though pearls are, and romantic as are all their traditions, the actual circumstances under which they are sought and collected are so singularly disagreeable that it would seem as if nature had sought to teach man a lesson by showing him under what ugly conditions the most exquisite results may be attained. To the oyster itself the pearl must be an unqualified abomination, and it is a strange reflection that what the unhappy mollusk would gladly get rid of, man imperils his life and squanders his substance to obtain. In some unlucky moment the oyster has admitted into its shell a grain of sand, and the sharp-edged atom irritates the tender creature, and to defend itself against the obnoxious intruder, which it can neither eat nor expel, it covers the grain with the substance we call pearl. The eccentric magician who thus, returning good for evil, endows with priceless value the vagabond atom so incomparably worthless before, does not, however, remain content with rendering the intruder harmless, but continues to heap coals of fire upon its head, continues, that is, to lay on film after film, and to smother the wretched grit deeper and deeper in the precious substance, until the speck once only a grain of sand upon the sea-shore becomes at length the fascinating gem against which divers stake their lives, and which the East and West compete to buy. Rarely indeed do such extremes meet, and it is no wonder, then, that fable is so full of morals drawn from the "fair pearl in the foul oyster," or that nature, having given the grovelling shell-fish on the sea-beach such a high prerogative of distinction, should have kept the secret of all other gems within her own laboratory. Men failed at first to catch the meaning of her conduct, and looked in nobler creatures—the tiger's heart, the eagle's brain, the serpent's head—for nature's most precious works; and while philosophers' stones and the aetites and basilisk jewels were sought in perpetual disappointment, the pearl, which the oyster all the while was elaborating, was pronounced a product of the skies, for it seemed to man too exquisitely fair to be a creature of the wave.

That it fell from the heavens, nobody at one time doubted; and even after it was known to come out of oyster shells it was believed that the spherical treasures were drops of dew which had fallen into the sea, and by some occult alchemy of the deep had hardened into pearls. It was, indeed, suggested that they were the oysters' hearts, or the tears of sea-nymphs; but the well-informed agreed that they were products "rare, divine"—the motto of the sad Margaret of Navarre, who took the pearl as her sad but appropriate emblem—and, as Pliny opined, "more of the sky and air than of the water and the sea." We later folk have inherited more exact knowledge, and knowing the true story of the pride of the caskets, can trace back the pretty pearl to the morbid secretion of an ailing oyster, and read in a hundred narratives how the divers of the Persian Gulf and the Ceylon coast risk their lives in quest of it. Such is the value of the jewel that lives will always be risked for its attainment; and if the sharks would only sow the banks with pearls, they might confidently rely on a regular harvest of men. As it is, they levy a grim tax upon the diver, and but for the noise and bustle along the oyster beds during the fishery, which frighten off the less daring monsters, the percentage of death would inevitably be greater.

The Bahrein and Ceylon fisheries are, of course, the largest and most valuable; but China and Japan, South America and Australia, as well as some of the islands off the African coast, produce the precious oyster in abundance. The number of shells, however, is not any guide to the number of pearls, and even the roughest average which the diver may make of the value of the season's collection is liable to be utterly wrong. The shells themselves, however, are of great commercial value, and often yield a larger profit than the season's find of gems, so that the diver never really goes down in vain. Nor is the smallest "seed-pearl" valueless, for it is a pretty natural fact that only pearl powder will properly polish pearls; and, moreover, the gems ground up command a ready market in the East, where they are supposed to have a surpassing efficacy in restoring exhausted vitality and renewing wasted vigor.

The diver, therefore, has always encouragement in his perilous labor; and to the last, even when he takes his fatal dive to the waiting shark, he has still the fascination before him of a possible prize that shall send him home to live at his ease for the rest of his life. So he calls out to the shark-charmer to charm his best, and, with the delusive shell ringing in his ears, plunges down to death. But the monster of the deep, that has been lying waiting for him under the shadow of the boat, cares little for exorcism or enchantment, and so the diver is never seen again. His comrades in the boat feel the rope suddenly shaken, and as suddenly released; the lessened strain tells its grim story at once, and then the empty bucket comes floating up to the surface—a message that the diver is dead. In the vast majority of cases, however, the divers grow old at their toil, neither meeting with sharks nor kings' ransoms in their gropings along the shell-strewn banks; and the Bahrein men speak of it as a monotonous and laborious means of livelihood, and one in which they seldom earn a competence. The surroundings of their work are squalid, almost revolting, for the shore is heaped with decaying masses of oysters, and the sea-breeze perpetually blows the smell of them across the encampment of the fishers, which lies sweltering under a terrible sun, and but poorly provided with the few things that go to make an Oriental comfortable.

That a thing of such costliness, and that demands so much labor and peril in the getting, should be imitated, was only natural, and a thousand different varieties of artificial pearls are known to trade. Of them all, however, only two deserve honorable mention—the one, in which an exquisitely fragile bead of glass is filled with the silvery matter scraped from certain kinds of fish, and which is therefore partly a natural pearl; and the other, which the Chinese compel the disgusted mollusk to make for them according to order. The Celestials tempt the oysters to open their shells, and then meanly drop between the gaping valves a rough bead of mother-of-pearl. The mollusk, thus annoyed, at once closes upon the obtruded fragment, and patiently sets to work to gratify the crafty Chinaman, for in time the artificial ball is covered with true pearl, and can defy detection. It is probably only a Chinaman who would thus stoop to take advantage of a poor oyster, and only an oyster that would thus submit to be tricked. Yet the manœuvre works, after all, for the good of both, for it gives the mollusk something definite to think about, and the world a very respectable imitation of the genuine article without compelling divers to risk their lives.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Having discovered, as he believes, that the sense of taste is more acute in the tongue than in the roof of the mouth, a Western economist tells the poor to put very little butter on their bread, and to hold the slice with the buttered surface undermost while eating it. That nature intended it to be so held is shown by the fact that when a boy drops his bread and butter it invariably strikes with the buttered side down.

It is announced in a dispatch from St. Petersburg that on the occasion of the recent imperial ball in the Winter Palace there was "apparent absence" inside and around the palace of the usual police guards. The phraseology is significant, in view of the governmental censorship of dispatches of a nature similar to that of the one in question.

An optimist suggests that it may be because of the increase of thermometers and telegraphs that such almost unheard-of temperatures as forty-eight and fifty degrees below zero have been reported from several directions this winter.

The arraignment of fifty-two aristocratic members of an aristocratic London club on the charge of having violated the law against gambling by playing baccarat for money in the rooms of the club has had the effect, it is said, of substituting écarté for baccarat, but heavy play is still the rule. Baccarat was introduced in some of the clubs of this city because of the favor it found with English club men. Écarté may be expected, therefore, to have the preference here before long.

A young woman of Moundsville, West Virginia, has eloped with a tramp. It is averred in a dispatch from that region that she is "talented and beautiful," was "the belle of the town," and is "heiress to considerable property"—familiar phrases in romances of this sort. It is further set forth that in consequence of what she has done "society circles in Moundsville are badly torn up." Take it all together—the wretched taste of the young woman, her disregard of conventionalities in taking a husband, and the tattered condition of Moundsville's society circles—it makes a saddening picture.

An Italian economist is going to try the experiment of raising potatoes in Sardinia. This information has awakened considerable apprehension in Maine lest some experimenter should succeed in introducing the sardine industry in Sardinia.

The Texas fence-cutters threaten to poison all the pasture waters of the State if "free grass" is cut off by the Legislature. Having recently cleared a banquet hall half filled with delegates to the cattle men's convention, Mr. Ben Thompson entered a newspaper office, and with his pistol drove the occupants out, smashed things, wandered out upon the street, and was captured alive, was arraigned in court, assaulted a man in the presence of the judge, was fined fifty dollars for contempt, and then sent word to the editor that he should hold him personally responsible for any strictures which might appear in the paper. The foregoing items are the Texas news of one day that reached the North.

A resident of Milwaukee, who "desires that his name shall never be publicly known," has commissioned a sculptor to make a bronze statue of Washington eleven feet in height, to cost with its granite pedestal twelve thousand dollars, which will be presented to the city. In view of what may be said of many of the images publicly placed in this country, the donor's timidity at this stage of his benevolent project is excusable.

The appearance of an inquisitive scullion wandering around in his white jacket and apron is, even in the estimation of the deeply superstitious, far less hateful than the apparition of a spectral White Lady. In view, therefore, of late developments, it is hoped by superstitious Germans that their Emperor's time is not yet at hand.

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers, "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.

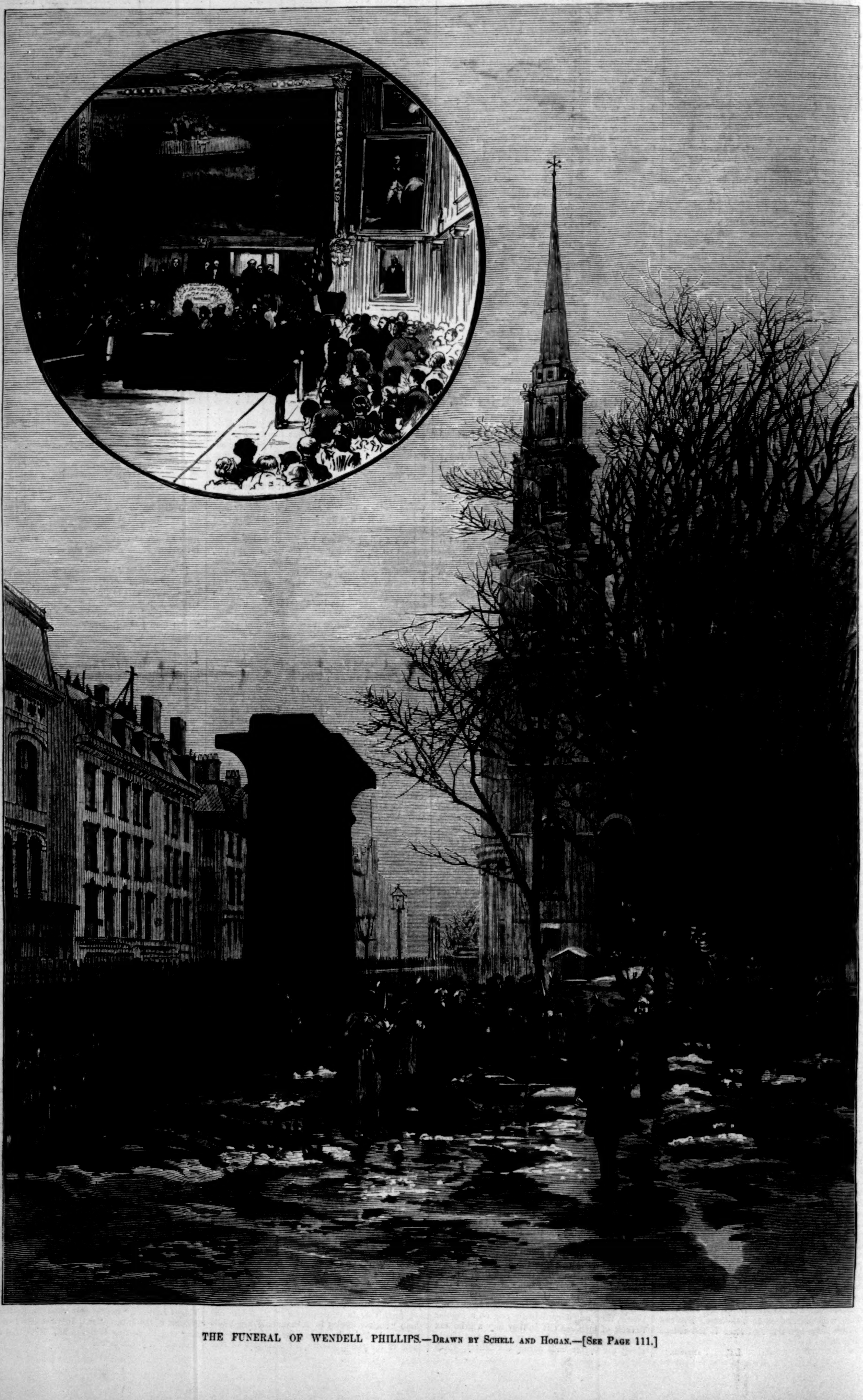
In a pamphlet sent to the members of Parliament the Marquis of Queensberry proposes various changes in the marriage service. Thus, in view of a possible action for divorce, he would omit the words, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and would substitute, "Whom the government of nature may put asunder let no man attempt to keep together." It was the Marquis of Queensberry who devised the regulations which for certain occasions are deemed better than the ancient rules of the London Prize Ring. In this way the title has become somewhat known throughout the earth; and, "Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Marquis of Queensberry rules," would have a familiar, though perhaps incongruous, sound for many readers of the daily press.

A writer of some repute as a newspaper correspondent abroad says that the "audience" at the recent international billiard match in Paris was not aristocratic.

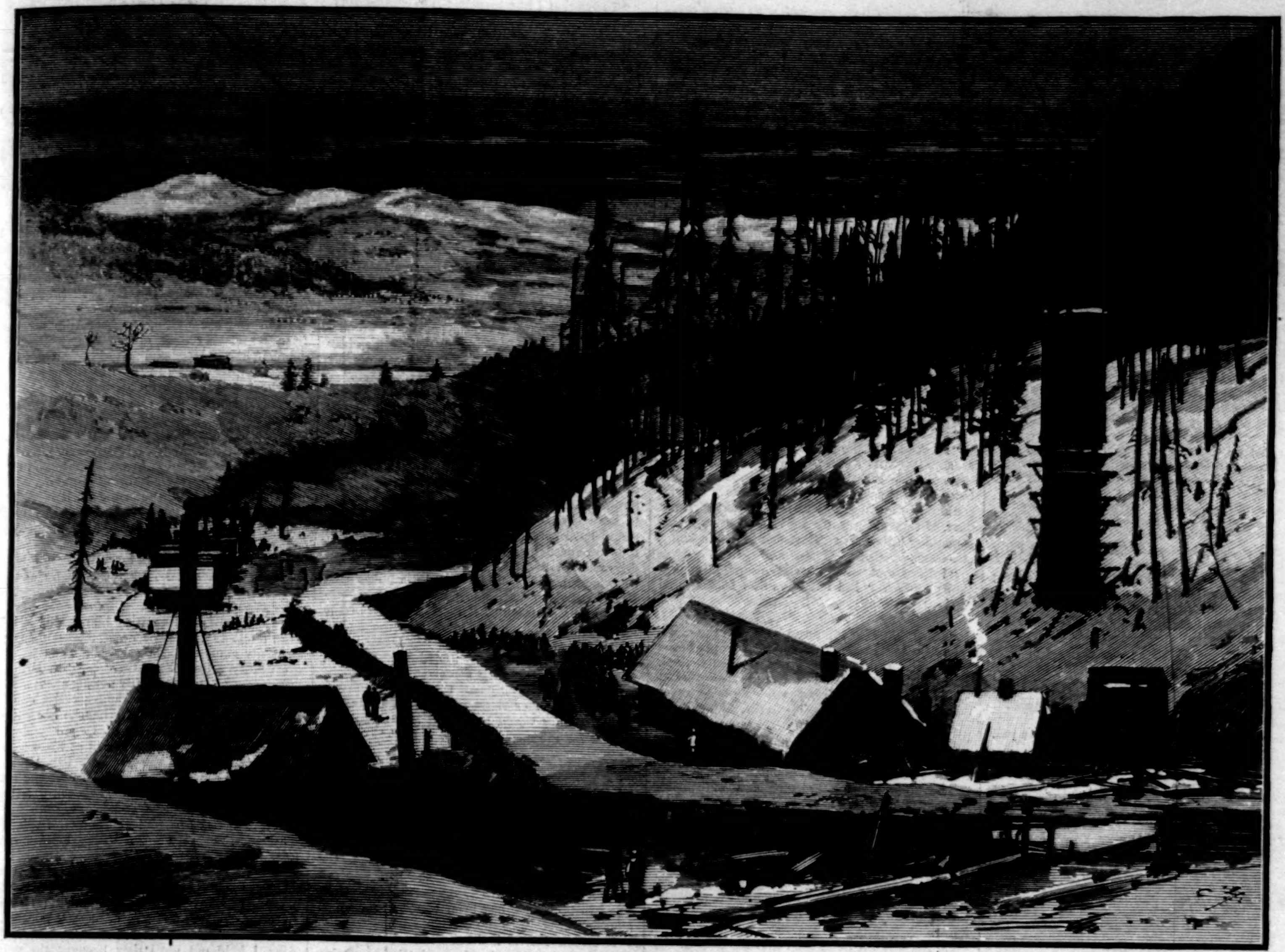
A waiter, a Swiss, employed at the Midland Hotel in London, was kidnapped in that city recently. He was about to be married, and went out one evening to look after some furniture. He had £85 and some jewelry on his person. As he was passing through Argyle Court to get to Tunbridge Street a sack was thrown over his head and he was hustled into a house. Something was offered him to drink, and he refused it. His hands and feet were tied. He remembered nothing more until a policeman spoke to him, and he became aware that he was in the open air. He was on Hartford Common. Money and watch were gone. He had been kicked and otherwise ill treated, and it became necessary to send him to a hospital.

A man in Kentucky who is under indictment for murder is known as the peace-maker. Four men fell to fighting in a still-house, and he ordered them to stop. They did not stop, and he shot all four.

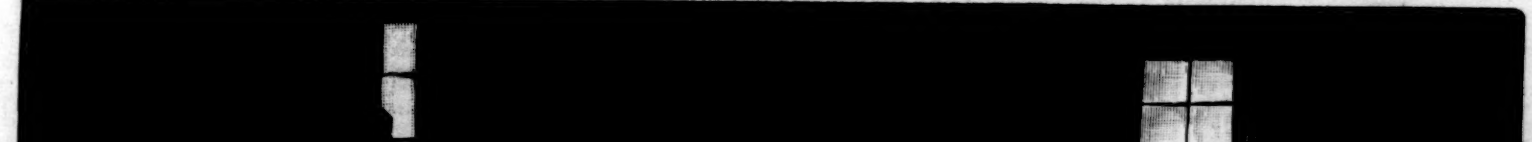
According to the belief of all loyal members of the International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Weights and Measures, the great Pyramid of Ghizeh "contains within its sides and in its proportions a perfect system of weights and measures related to the earth and to the universe," the units of which have been handed down to this generation. The president of the Institute, Mr. Latimer, of Ohio, is reported as saying that a project which he has long held in mind, that of sending a well-equipped body of *savants* to Egypt for to make exact measurements of the great Pyramid, and uncovering the Pyramid and the Sphinx to their foundations, seems in a fair way to be accomplished in the near future. It is proposed that the commission shall consist of three scientific men from the United States, and one each from England and France, in both of which countries the Institute has members. The Institute should certainly take a deep interest in the proposed expedition, in view of the fact that the latest of many disagreeing measurers of a certain important base-line has ascertained its length to be 9139.871 inches, "which," says President Latimer, "is precisely what the mathematicians of the International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Weights and Measures have declared it ought to be."



THE FUNERAL OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 111.]



THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.



VICTIMS AND MOURNERS.

THE DISASTER AT CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO.—From Photographs by George E. Mellen.—[See Page 111.]

ME AND MY DOG.

My mother oft said to me, "Jamie, my boy,
There's naebody better than Lizzie McCoy;
She's thrifty and thoughtful, affectionate, gay;
She has land of her ain, and she's gold put away."
And still I made answer, "Let that notion pass;
I never could marry sae homely a lass."

But one summer night as I went through the wheat,
Wi' Pepper, my collie dog, close at my feet
(For seldom without him I care for a step,
And there's few folks I like as I like little Pep),
I met Miss McCoy out alane for a walk,
And so we forgathered and fell into talk.

Then I told her of Pep, and Pep's clever ways;
And she listened sae fain and sae pleased to his praise;
She patted his head, said he'd beautiful eyes,
Syne spoke of his color, his gait, and his size,
Till I thought to mysel, for a journey through life,
Such a sensible girl would mak a good wife.

I thought for a week; then Pepper and I
Sauntered round by McCoy's; I hardly knew why,
Till I saw Lizzie standing sae trig and sae neat,
And she spake baith to Pep and his master sae sweet
I was fain to stay supper; and what do you think?—
She gave to my dog baith a bone and a drink.

After that we went reg'lar, Pepper and I,
And I'm sure that the clever wee collie knew *why;*
He would lick Lizzie's hand, and look up in my face,
And I think it was Pepper that won me my case;
For once, when he did so, I found heart to say
The words that made Lizzie my ain from that day.

Neighbors talked, and they wondered, and young Patty Grace
Flung her bright golden ringlets a'maist in my face;
Some called Lizzie hamely, some said she was old,
And some, I had wed her for siller and gold.
But Lizzie and I have a happy hearth-stone,
And Pepper is sure of his mat and his bone.

Then, lasses, tak tent, if your lover you'd please,
Be kind to his dog, and you'll win him with ease;
And, lads, if in love, and the lassie you find
Is kind to your dog, *you may tell her your mind.*
But still just remember, what's equally true,
If she likes not your dog, ten to one she likes you.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS LADD.

ARRIVING at the cottage, Dr. Allday discovered a gentleman who was just closing the garden gate behind him.

"Has Miss Emily had a visitor?" he inquired when the servant admitted him.

"The gentleman left a letter for Miss Emily, sir."

"Did he ask to see her?"

"He asked after Miss Letitia's health. When he heard that she was dead, he seemed to be startled, and went away directly."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, sir."

The doctor found Emily absorbed over her letter. His anxiety to forestall any possible discovery of the deception which had concealed the terrible story of her father's death kept Dr. Allday's vigilance on the watch. He doubted the gentleman who had abstained from giving his name; he even distrusted the other unknown person who had written to Emily.

She looked up. Her face relieved him of his misgivings before she could speak.

"At last I have heard from my dearest friend," she said. "You remember what I told you about Cecilia? Here is a letter—a long, delightful letter—from the Engadine, left at the door by some gentleman unknown. I was questioning the servant when you rang the bell."

"You may question me if you prefer it. I arrived just as the gentleman was shutting your garden gate."

"Oh, tell me! what was he like?"

"Tall, and thin, and dark. Wore a vile republican-looking felt hat. Had nasty, ill-tempered wrinkles between his eyebrows. The sort of man I distrust by instinct."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't shave."

"Do you mean that he wore a beard?"

"Yes; a curly black beard."

Emily clasped her hands in amazement. "Can it be Alban Morris?" she exclaimed.

The doctor looked at her with a sardonic smile; he thought it likely that he had discovered her sweetheart.

"Who is Mr. Alban Morris?" he asked.

"The drawing master at Miss Ladd's school."

Dr. Allday dropped the subject: masters at ladies' schools were not persons who interested him. He returned to the purpose which had brought him to the cottage, and produced the handbill that had been sent to him in Emily's letter.

"I suppose you want to have it back again?" he said.

She took it from him and looked at it with interest.

"Isn't it strange," she suggested, "that the murderer should have escaped, with such a careful description of him as this circulated all over England?"

She read the description to the doctor.

"'Name not known. Supposed age between twenty-five and thirty years. A well-made man, of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers. Small, white, well-shaped hands. Wore valuable rings on the last two fingers of the left hand. Dressed neatly—'"

"That part of the description is useless," the doctor remarked; "he would change his clothes."

"But could he change his voice?" Emily objected. "Listen to this: 'Remarkably good voice; smooth, full, and persuasive.' And here again: 'Ingratiating manners.' Perhaps you will say he could put on an appearance of rudeness?"

"I will say this, my dear. The one fact that he has not been caught proves that he found a safe hiding-place. With time at his disposal, he would be able to disguise himself so effectually that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would fail to identify him either by his voice or his manner."

"How?"

"Look back at the description: 'Hair cut rather short; clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers.' If the wretch remained long enough in his refuge, don't you see how he could disguise his head and face? No more, my dear, of this disagreeable subject. Let us get to something interesting. Have you found anything else among your aunt's papers?"

"I have met with a great disappointment," Emily replied. "Did I tell you how I discovered the handbill?"

"No."

"I found it, with the scrap-book and the newspaper cuttings, under a collection of empty boxes and bottles, in a drawer of the washhand-stand. And I naturally expected to make far more interesting discoveries in this room. My search was over in five minutes. Nothing in the cabinet there in the corner but a few books and some china. Nothing in the writing-desk on that side table but a packet of note-paper and some sealing-wax. Nothing here in the drawers but tradesmen's receipts, materials for knitting, and old photographs. She must have destroyed all her papers, poor dear, before her last illness, and the handbill and the other things can only have escaped because they were left in a place which she never thought of examining. Isn't it provoking?"

With a mind inexpressibly relieved, good Dr. Allday asked permission to return to his patients, leaving Emily to devote herself to her friend's letter.

On his way out he noticed that the door of the bed-chamber on the opposite side of the passage stood open. Since Miss Letitia's death the room had not been used. Well within view stood the washhand-stand to which Emily had alluded. The doctor advanced to the house door, reflected, hesitated, and looked toward the empty room.

It had struck him that there might be a second drawer which Emily had overlooked. Would he be justified in setting this doubt at rest? If he passed over ordinary scruples, it would not be without excuse. Miss Letitia had spoken to him of her affairs, and had asked him to act (in Emily's interests) as co-executor with her lawyer. He had complied with the request, conditionally on her not being able to find another executor. The rapid progress of the illness made it impossible for her to execute the necessary codicil. Having been morally (if not legally) taken into her confidence, was Dr. Allday justified in making sure that nothing had been forgotten, when Miss Letitia had destroyed her papers? He decided that he had a right in this serious matter to satisfy his own mind.

A glance was enough to show him that no second drawer had been overlooked.

There was no other discovery to detain the doctor. The wardrobe only contained the poor old lady's clothes; the one cupboard was open and empty. On the point of leaving the room, he went back to the washhand-stand. While he had the opportunity, it might not be amiss to make sure that Emily had thoroughly examined those old boxes and bottles which she had alluded to with some little contempt.

The drawer was of considerable length. When he tried to pull it completely out from the grooves in which it ran, it resisted him. In his present frame of mind, this was a suspicious circumstance in itself. He cleared away the litter, so as to make room for the introduction of his hand and arm into the drawer. In another moment his fingers touched a piece of paper jammed between the inner end of the drawer and the bottom of the flat surface of the washhand-stand. With a little care he succeeded in extricating the paper. Only pausing to satisfy himself that there was nothing else to be found, and to close the drawer after replacing its contents, he left the cottage.

The cab was waiting for him. On the drive back to his own house he opened the crumpled paper.

It proved to be a letter addressed to Miss Letitia, and it was signed by no less a person than Emily's school-mistress. Looking back from the end to the beginning, Doctor Allday discovered in the first sentence the name of—Miss Jethro.

But for the interview of that morning with his patient he might have doubted the propriety of making himself further acquainted with the letter. As things were, he read it without hesitation:

"DEAR MADAM,—I can not but regard it as a providential circumstance that your niece, in writing to you from my house, should have mentioned, among other events of her school life, the arrival of my new teacher, Miss Jethro.

"To say that I was surprised is to express very inadequately what I felt when I read your letter, informing me confidentially that I had employed a woman who was unworthy to associate with the young persons placed under my care. It is impossible for me to suppose that a lady in your position, and possessed of your high principles, would make such a serious accusation as this without unanswerable reasons for doing so. At the same time I can not, consistently with my duty as a Christian, suffer my opinion of Miss Jethro to be in any way modified until proofs are laid before me which it is impossible to dispute.

"Placing the same confidence in your discretion which you have placed in mine, I now inclose the references and testimonials which Miss Jethro submitted to me when she presented herself to fill the vacant situation in my school.

"I earnestly request you to lose no time in instituting the confidential inquiries which you have volunteered to make. Whatever the result may be, pray return to me the inclosures which I have trusted to your care, and believe me, dear madam, in much suspense and anxiety, sincerely yours, AMELIA LADD."

It is needless to describe at any length the impression which these lines produced on the doctor.

If he had heard what Emily had heard at the time of her aunt's last illness, he would have called to mind Miss Letitia's betrayal of her interest in some man unknown, whom she believed to have been beguiled by Miss Jethro, and he would have perceived that the vindictive hatred thus produced must have inspired the letter of denunciation which the school-mistress had acknowledged. He would also have inferred that Miss Letitia's inquiries had proved her accusation to be well founded if he had known of the new teacher's sudden dismissal from the school. As things were, he was merely confirmed in his bad opinion of Miss Jethro; and he was induced, on reflection, to keep his discovery to himself.

"If poor Miss Emily saw the old lady exhibited in the character of an informer," he thought, "what a blow would be struck at her innocent respect for the memory of her aunt!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR JERVIS REDWOOD.

IN the mean time, Emily, left by herself, had her own correspondence to occupy her attention.

Besides the letter from Cecilia (directed to the care of Sir Jervis Redwood), she had received some lines addressed to her by Sir Jervis himself. The two inclosures had been secured in a sealed envelope directed to the cottage.

If Alban Morris had been indeed the person trusted as messenger by Sir Jervis, the conclusion that followed filled Emily with overpowering emotions of curiosity and surprise.

Having no longer the motive of serving and protecting her, Alban must, nevertheless, have taken the journey to Northumberland. He must have gained Sir Jervis Redwood's favor and confidence, and he might even have been a guest at the baronet's country-seat when Cecilia's letter arrived. What did it mean?

Emily looked back at her recollections of her last day at school.

The one explanation of Alban's strange employment of his holiday leisure which suggested itself seemed to be connected with his inveterate distrust of Mrs. Rook. Was it assuming too much to find this a sufficient motive for his following Sir Jervis's housekeeper on her return to her master's place of abode?

What had happened there, if this was the right reading of the riddle?

Suddenly, almost irritably, Emily snatched up Sir Jervis's letter. Before the doctor had come in she had glanced at it, and had thrown it aside in her impatience to read what Cecilia had written. In her present altered frame of mind, she was inclined to think that Sir Jervis might be the more interesting correspondent of the two.

On returning to his letter, she was disappointed at the outset.

In the first place, his handwriting was so abominably bad—he had such an exasperating habit of writing the first two or three letters of long words, and then depending on a crooked line to represent the rest—that she was obliged to guess at his meaning. In the second place, he never hinted at the circumstances under which Cecilia's letter had been confided to the gentleman who had left it at her door.

She would once more have treated the baronet's communication with contempt, but for the discovery that it contained an offer of employment in London, addressed to herself.

Sir Jervis had necessarily been obliged to engage another secretary in Emily's absence; but he was still in want of a person to serve his literary interests in London. He had reason to believe that discoveries made by modern travellers in Central America had been reported from time to time by the English press; and he wished copies to be taken of any notices of this sort which might be found on referring to the files of newspapers kept in the reading-room of the British Museum. If Emily considered herself capable of contributing in this way to the completeness of his great work on "the ruined cities," and if she was "sufficiently sensible, at her age, to feel that the best remedy against any sorrow that she might be suffering consisted in helping him," she had only to apply to his bookseller in London, who would pay her the customary remuneration, and give her every assistance of which she might stand in need. The bookseller's name and address followed (with nothing legible but the words "Bond Street"); and there was an end to Sir Jervis's proposal.

Emily laid it aside, deferring her answer until she had read Cecilia's letter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REVEREND MILES MIRABEL.

"I AM making a little excursion from the Engadine, my dearest of all dear friends. Two charming fellow-travellers take care of me; and we may perhaps get as far as the Lake of Como.

"My sister (already much improved in health) remains at St. Moritz with the old governess. The moment I know what exact course we are going to take, I shall write to Julia to forward any letters which arrive in my absence. My life, in this earthly paradise, will be only complete when I hear from my darling Emily.

"In the mean time we are staying for the night at some interesting place, the name of which I have unaccountably forgotten; and here I am in my room, writing to you at last, dying to know if Sir Jervis has yet thrown himself at your feet, and offered to make you Lady Redwood with magnificent settlements.

"But you are waiting to hear who my new friends are. My dear, one of them is, next to yourself, the most delightful creature in existence. Society knows her as Lady Janeaway. I love her already by her Christian name; she is my friend Doris. And she reciprocates my sentiments.

"You will now understand that union of sympathies made us acquainted with each other.

"If there is anything in me to be proud of, I think it must be my admirable appetite. And if I have a passion, the name of it is Pastry. Here again Lady Doris reciprocates my sentiments. We sit next to each other at the *table d'hôte.*

"Good heavens! I have forgotten her husband. They have been married rather more than a month. Did I tell you that she is just two years older than I am?

"I declare I am forgetting him again! He is Lord Janeaway. Such a quiet, modest man, and so easily amused! He carries about with him everywhere a dirty little tin case, with air-holes in the cover. He goes softly poking about among bushes and brambles, and under rocks, and behind old wooden houses. When he has caught some hideous insect that makes one shudder, he blushes with pleasure, and looks at his wife and me, and says, with the prettiest lisp, 'This is what I call enjoying the day.' To see the manner in which he obeys her is, between ourselves, to feel proud of being a woman.

"Where was I? Oh! at the *table d'hôte.*

"Never, Emily—I say it with a solemn sense of the claims of truth—never have I eaten such an infamous, abominable, maddeningly bad dinner as the dinner they gave us on our first day at the hotel. I ask you if I am not patient; I appeal to your own recollection of occasions when I have exhibited extraordinary self-control. My dear, I held out until they brought the pastry round. I took one bite, and committed the most shocking offense against good manners at table that you can imagine. My handkerchief, my poor innocent handkerchief, received the horrid —please suppose the rest. My hair stands on end when I think of it. Our neighbors at the table saw me. The coarse men laughed. The sweet young bride, sincerely feeling for me, said, 'Will you allow me to shake hands? I did exactly what you have done the day before yesterday.' Such was the beginning of my friendship with Lady Doris Janeaway.

"We are two resolute women—I mean that *she* is resolute, and that I follow her—and we have asserted our right of dining to our own satisfaction by means of an interview with the chief cook.

"This interesting person is an ex-Zouave in the French army. Instead of making excuses, he confessed that the barbarous tastes of the English and American visitors had so discouraged him that he had lost all pride and pleasure in the exercise of his art. As an example of what he meant, he mentioned his experience of two young Englishmen who could speak no foreign language. The waiters reported that they objected to their breakfasts, and especially to the eggs. Thereupon (to translate the Frenchman's own way of putting it) he exhausted himself in exquisite preparations of eggs. *Eggs à la tripe, au gratin, à l'Aurore, à la Dauphine, à la Poulette, à la Tartare, à la Vénitienne, à la Bordelaise,* and so on, and so on. Still the two young gentlemen were not satisfied. The ex-Zouave, infuriated, wounded in his honor, disgraced as a professor, insisted on an explanation. What, in Heaven's name, *did* they want for breakfast? They wanted boiled eggs, and a fish which they called a *Bloaterre.* It was impossible, he said, to express his contempt for the English idea of a breakfast, in the presence of ladies. You know how a cat expresses herself in the presence of a dog, and you will understand the allusion. Oh, Emily, what dinners we have had in our own room since we spoke to the cook!

"Have I any more news to send to you? Are you interested, my dear, in eloquent young clergymen?

"On our first appearance at the public table we noticed a remarkable air of depression among the ladies. Had some adventurous gentleman tried to climb a mountain and failed? Had disastrous political news arrived from England—a defeat of the Conservatives, for instance? Had a revolution in the fashions broken out in Paris, and had all our best dresses become of no earthly value to us? I applied for information to the only lady present who shone on the company with a cheerful face—my friend Doris, of course.

"'What day was yesterday?' she asked.

"'Sunday,' I answered.

"'Of all melancholy Sundays,' she continued, 'the most melancholy in the calendar. Mr. Miles Mirabel preached his farewell sermon, in our temporary chapel upstairs.'

"'And you have not recovered from it yet?'

"'We are all heart-broken, Miss Wyril.'

"This naturally interested me. I asked what

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

sort of sermons Mr. Mirabel preached. Lady Janeaway said: 'Come up to our room after dinner. The subject is too distressing to be discussed in public.'

"She began by making me personally acquainted with the reverend gentleman; that is to say, she showed me the photographic portraits of him. They were two in number. One only presented his face. The other exhibited him at full length, adorned in his surplice. Every lady in the congregation had received the two photographs as a farewell present. 'My portraits,' Lady Doris remarked, 'are the only complete specimens. The others have been irretrievably ruined by tears.'

"You will now expect a personal description of this fascinating man. What the photographs failed to tell me, my friend was so kind as to complete from the resources of her own experience. Here is the result, presented to the best of my ability.

"He is young—not yet thirty years of age. His complexion is fair; his features are delicate; his eyes are clear blue. He has pretty hands, and rings prettier still. And such a voice, and such manners! You will say there are plenty of pet parsons who answer to this description. Wait a little—I have kept his chief distinction till the last. His beautiful light hair flows in profusion over his shoulders; and his glossy beard waves, at apostolic length, down to the lower buttons of his waistcoat.

"What do you think of the Reverend Miles Mirabel now?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.

About the theory of diet I do not mean to say very much in this place. The theory of diet is a complicated thing, and by no means completely understood as yet. Authorities differ, or even quarrelsomely contradict each other; and even for the physician it is a tedious thing to find his way through the labyrinth of theories and half-certainties in which he must study the contemporary doctrines of dietetics.

Still there are some things which are certain, but ignorantly denied, and some things which are commonly accepted which are certainly false. About these facts and fallacies a few words will be in place; and I will say little about the history, the chemistry, or the commonplaces of the subject. It does not concern us to be reminded again that roast beef is nutritious, that a varied diet is the best, that the azotized substances contain three proximate elements, or that lentils were eaten by Pharaoh Necho. The following points will be found, I trust, more to our purpose:

I.—The amount of food required varies with the individual, and is greatly different in different cases. No set rule for the quantity can be given.

Fallacy 1. That you can lay down a hard and fast rule, either by weight or measure, for the food of any human being or class of beings.

A popular British writer on hygiene writes as follows: "An adult man or woman ought never to take more than thirty ounces of mixed solid food in the day. Eighteen should be the minimum, and twenty-four, or one ounce per hour, the medium."

This is a truly beautiful rule. How remarkable that the "medium" diet for the adult human being should turn out to be just one ounce per hour! Piazzi Smyth found the English inch clearly premonstrated in his measurements of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now his countryman discovers an eternal fitness between the avoirdupois scale and the constitution of man. The English ounce is the fore-ordained unit of alimentation. Thus speaks the stubborn egotist and theorist. But let us ask what Nature, on the contrary, may require in the matter of our food supply. The following passage, which I quote from the late Dr. G. M. Beard, points out something of her "infinite variety" in the forces that we renew by means of the food we eat:

"Whoever proposes to apportion our diet by the scales, must first tell us just what and how many changes of tissue take place in the brain in every thought evolved, how much fuel is consumed for every process of reasoning, every heat of passion. He must keep an accurate record of every muscular contraction, count every beating of the heart, and every breath; every glance of the eye, and every change of the countenance, every sound that falls upon the ear. He must weigh the imagination in scales, and the emotions in a balance; he must gauge our very reveries and dreams. But when he has done all this, his duties have just begun; for except he know the secretions and excretions, the other gigantic labors would be valueless. He must measure the blood, and count the globules. He should know the product of every gland. He must collect and measure all the waste products of the body. He must know the condition of every molecule of the system, whether it is in a state of health or disease. And when he has arranged this side of the equation, there remains the task of completing it by reducing to their last analysis the elements of his food. . . . It is manifest that unless a miracle were wrought to enable him to make his calculations, he must starve before he could prepare a single meal."

In other words, not only do no two persons require the same amount of food, but the same person does not require the same amount of food under different conditions or on different days. How much we require must be decided by the individual or by the physician, and partly by remembering the following considerations:

II. Both an excessive diet and a meagre diet should be avoided.

Fallacy 2. That because you can work better after a light meal than a hearty one, you should make it a rule to "leave off hungry."

In this country food is abundant and good, though it is often poorly and wastefully cooked. But we have few gluttons, because we have few people of sufficient leisure to cultivate gluttony; we shall have more as the community grows older, more leisurely, and more luxurious. But few of us are at present in danger of gluttony—except infants. Infants are great sufferers from enforced gluttony. They are generally stuffed, during the first year or two of their lives, with twice as much food as they can digest. But for the rest of the world, underfeeding is commoner than gluttony. For most of us the doctrine of generous diet is the true one.

The ignorant creed of Graham is still held by many—even by many who are in other matters intelligent. It finds expression in a recent book on physical education, published by one of the best-known houses in the country, in which the author declares that the proper food of man consists "of vegetable and semi-animal substances which can be eaten with relish" raw. "Cooking, spicing, and freezing our food are, strictly speaking, abuses of our digestive organs."

This view is, of course, absolutely visionary, though it is held by a physician who ought to know better. Food is good in the ratio of its nutritiousness and its digestibility; and cooking improves it, and even "spicing and freezing" may improve it in both respects, and animal food in general is more nutritious and more digestible than vegetable food. A little more food, of whatever kind, is needed for the worker, whether with hands or nerves; a little less for the idler. Infants are fed hourly, when four or five times a day is enough; with larger children the opposite error is more frequent—that of not giving them enough, as at boarding-schools, where the scanty and poor diet is often very injurious to their growth and health. Many a dyspeptic is made at the boarding-school. Children will not over-eat of plain food, but there is no dietetic crime that they will not commit with dainties.

For the adult his own experience and self-control must be the rule. He will get no good from the ounce-per-hour people; they and their rules are vanity and egotism. In health he can generally guide himself as to his diet. If he will not—and many a good liver and stout drinker will not—then the doctor will come seasonably, and will tell him what to eat, and how often, and how many ounces at a time; and so, in course of time, our patient will find out how much to eat—when it is just too late.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE COLORADO DISASTER.

The awful disaster at the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's mine at Crested Butte, on the 24th ult., is without parallel in the history of the State. Out of sixty-seven men who went down to work that morning, only ten escaped with their lives; all the others were either killed on the spot or overpowered by the deadly gases while fleeing from the mine. The explosion was terrific. Rails were torn up, empty cars which stood waiting to be loaded were battered and broken, and hurled into confused heaps, blocking up the entries, and the large fan which stood beside the main entrance was broken, and about twenty-five feet of the roof of the tramway in front of the entrance was blown away.

A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The outside men, together with those who had just quit work, began at once to do what they could for the relief of those within the mine. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon the citizens of the town came pouring up the hill, all anxious to render such assistance as they could. The fan was repaired as soon as possible, and put to work pumping air into the mine, and men set about removing the obstructions, so as to reach the imprisoned miners. But none were rescued alive. The mine is said to have always been considered dangerous. Experienced men declared it to be the worst they ever saw, the amount of gas generated being unusually large and very deadly.

GENERAL GORDON.

This distinguished British soldier and administrator, popularly called "Chinese Gordon," from his services in subduing the Tae-Ping rebels, was recently dispatched to the seat of war in the Soudan with a special mission, of which the precise limits are not generally known. The selection was universally approved on the ground of its fitness. He was Governor-General of the Soudan for the late Khedive Ismail Pasha from February, 1874, to the end of 1879, terminating his Egyptian service with a diplomatic mission to the King of Abyssinia. He has lately been sojourning in retirement at Jerusalem, somewhat occupied with archæological and topographical studies, but had accepted an offer from the King of the Belgians, patron of the international association for the opening of the Congo River, to superintend operations in that part of Africa.

Having gone to England with this intention, his views concerning the present crisis in the Soudan were forced on public notice by articles in some London newspapers, and he was recently commissioned by the British government to repair without delay to Suakin, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel W. Stewart, to act under the direction of Sir Evelyn Baring, and in co-operation with Baker Pasha.

General Gordon is about fifty-four years of age. He is the younger son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, R.A., and comes of a Highland soldier family. After receiving a thorough military education, he entered the Royal Engineers, and saw much hard service in the Crimean war. In 1860 he served in the Chinese war, and remained in command of the Royal Engineers at Tien-Tsin. The Chinese government, when pressed by the Tae-Ping rebels, asked for a British officer to command their newly raised force, and Major Gordon was recommended. His extraordinary success in disciplining the Chinese soldiery, defeating vastly superior numbers, defending and relieving several large cities, and finally driving away the enemy, is related in the history of the times. He crushed the Tae-Ping rebellion, and saved the Chinese Empire.

We have already alluded to his great services in the Soudan, where his performances were heroic in spirit and wonderful in temporary effect; but all the good he accomplished was soon undone by the vile corruption of the Egyptian officials. The present Khedive did not approve of his designs, and compelled him to resign.

Great hopes were entertained in England regarding his new mission to the Soudan. He is undoubtedly an able soldier, a wise administrator, and a man of indomitable courage. Had the report of his capture by the followers of El Mahdi been confirmed, his loss would have been regarded as a disaster hardly second to the defeat of an army.

KENTUCKY'S NEW SENATOR.

The Hon. Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, who was nominated on the 5th inst., after an exciting contest, for United States Senator from Kentucky, was born near Versailles, in that State, October 1, 1838. He was educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, was admitted to the bar in 1858, and removed to Chicago to begin the practice of his profession. Two years later he returned to his native State, and entered with great ardor into the Presidential campaign in the interest of Breckinridge. Mr. Blackburn served with credit in the Confederate army during the war. For two years after the close of hostilities he resided in Arkansas, and then returned to Kentucky, where he has since resided. He served two terms in the Kentucky Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1874, where he has since served continuously. Mr. Blackburn has always been a thorough-going Democrat.

THE FUNERAL OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The funeral services over the remains of Boston's great orator were simple but impressive. As the body was borne from the house to Hollis Street Chapel, hundreds of people, including many aged co-workers with Mr. Phillips in antislavery times, lined the streets, and the old chapel was surrounded by throngs of men and women. The services in the church were private, and consisted of singing, a reading from Isaiah, and a prayer by the Rev. Samuel May.

The body was afterward removed to Faneuil Hall, where the casket was placed on a catafalque in front of the rostrum, and for the first time opened to public view. The face of Mr. Phillips wore a placid, half-smiling expression, and was very natural in appearance. A great crowd of people passed through the hall to take a farewell look at the familiar features. Late in the afternoon the remains were interred in the Old Granary Burying-ground, on Tremont Street. The coffin was placed, without formal ceremonies, in the Phillips family tomb, which is in close proximity to the graves of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Crispus Attocks, the latter a colored victim of the Boston Massacre, to whom Mr. Phillips often referred in his public speeches. It is understood that this disposition of Mr. Phillips's body is only temporary, and that it will soon be transferred to the burial-place of his wife's family, in Milton, Massachusetts.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Laureate's Pension.—An exclusive young Chinaman.—The Royal Journal in the Highlands.—Mr. Henry George.—An Addition to "The Abbey."—Old Boots.—A Christmas Hamper.

From the first announcement of the Tennyson peerage I have been waiting with some curiosity, but certainly with no impatience, to see whether any reference would be made to the poet's having been in the enjoyment of a pension of £200 a year for the last forty years. As pensions—from the source he has derived it—are only given to needy men of letters or of science, there certainly seems some incongruity in the matter. So far back as 1842 the Laureate lost his money in some speculation—I believe in wood-carving—and this income was very properly conferred upon him. Whether he should have retained it when he grew rich and famous is a question of taste; but if he thought himself justified in so doing, I don't see why he should alter his views now that he has been made a lord. It will surely not be argued that pensions are not given to peers. When Burke was reproached by the Duke of Bedford for taking money from the country, he did not hesitate to remind him that his Grace's ancestors had taken twenty times as much, which he was at present enjoying without having earned it. "You are a young man with very old pensions; I am an old man with very young pensions—that is all." The *Financial Reform Almanac* is so good as to give us some items of what *living* peers and their relatives who are still alive, or who have died since 1850, have received from the public exchequer, and it comes to nearly sixty-seven millions of money! It would be incredible if the figures were not given in black and white; but, in view of them, one can hardly grudge our new peer his poor £200 a year.

It is always a dangerous thing to announce one's self as the last survivor of anything, or the oldest practicer of any system, philosophic or otherwise. Mr. Whitworth, M.P., has been so indiscreet as not only to declare himself the oldest total abstainer in England, but to offer £100 to any one who could beat the record. He has already received a dozen claims to the money on the score of a still longer abstinence. It would have been the same thing had he announced himself as the longest established drunkard. It is probable that even Mr. A. M. Sullivan would find himself surpassed, if he put money upon it, in—well, in "making the thing that is not as the thing that is."

At the same time, there is probably one human being in the world whose position is quite unique; he can not, indeed, boast of having occupied it long, for he is not thirteen years of age, but "so far as he has gone," he has no one to rival him. He lives in semi-seclusion in an enormous palace, and is waited on by a staff of retainers who always approach him on their bended knees. Even his mother (who visits him once a month) kneels down as she utters her first sentence. His father does the same, but remains kneeling. The professors who teach him all kneel, whether they are theologians or otherwise. He sleeps in a bed of massive ivory and gold. The only restraint that is put upon him is at meals. Eight attendants, all kneeling, have orders to prevent him from indulging too heartily, as boys are apt to do, in his favorite dishes. This young gentleman is the present Emperor of China.

The continuation of her Majesty's *Journal in the Highlands*, announced for publication, will be looked forward to with considerable interest, as it is said to extend to 1882. I believe upward of one hundred thousand copies of the former work were disposed of, and the royal authoress netted twelve thousand pounds by it, which she gave to a hospital.

Mr. Henry George is having a fine time of it, and getting a great deal of attention; but I have my suspicions of a gentleman who, being already in London, pretends to arrive there in order to meet with "a spontaneous welcome from the working classes" at the railway station. I detest his phrase of "the working classes." As a matter of fact, the people who cheer him most are the idlers and the loafers, who hope that something will fall into their mouths—thanks to his exertions—without their working for it at all. In his view, to wear an apron and a paper cap, or any other badge of a manual trade, is to be a workman. I would recommend to the notice of this orator's admirers a certain sketch in Dickens's *Hard Times* of the poor man's friend, the Agitator. Mr. George, however, is an exaggeration of his original; he seems to actually recommend stupidity and idleness. He bids the skilled workman not to be too skillful, and the diligent not to be so laborious. And, indeed, if we are to divide everything, there is not much use in being either. As to the land—a matter in which there are, no doubt, many wrongs to be righted and remedies applied—he falls into precisely the same error as the gentleman who wanted Windsor Park to be divided into allotments. He seems to shut his eyes to the fact that fifty years hence, even if his schemes are carried out, the increase of population will bring us into precisely the same difficulty that confronts us now, except that there will be no more land to be divided. He may not see this, but what he must see is that when he talks of manual labor as the only kind of work, he is flattering the lower classes at the expense of the truth; and this is why I do not admire Mr. Henry George.

In view of the increasing number of eminent personages whose eminent friends wish them to be buried in Westminster Abbey, there is a scheme on foot for adding a "monumental chapel" to the national Walhalla. The supporters of this plan know very little of human nature. The institution of second-class interment will suit nobody. I can even imagine it causing bad feeling in paradise itself. Fancy two shades striking up an acquaintance in Hades upon the common ground of their both having been buried in the Abbey, and one of them discovering that the other only came from the new wing, after all!

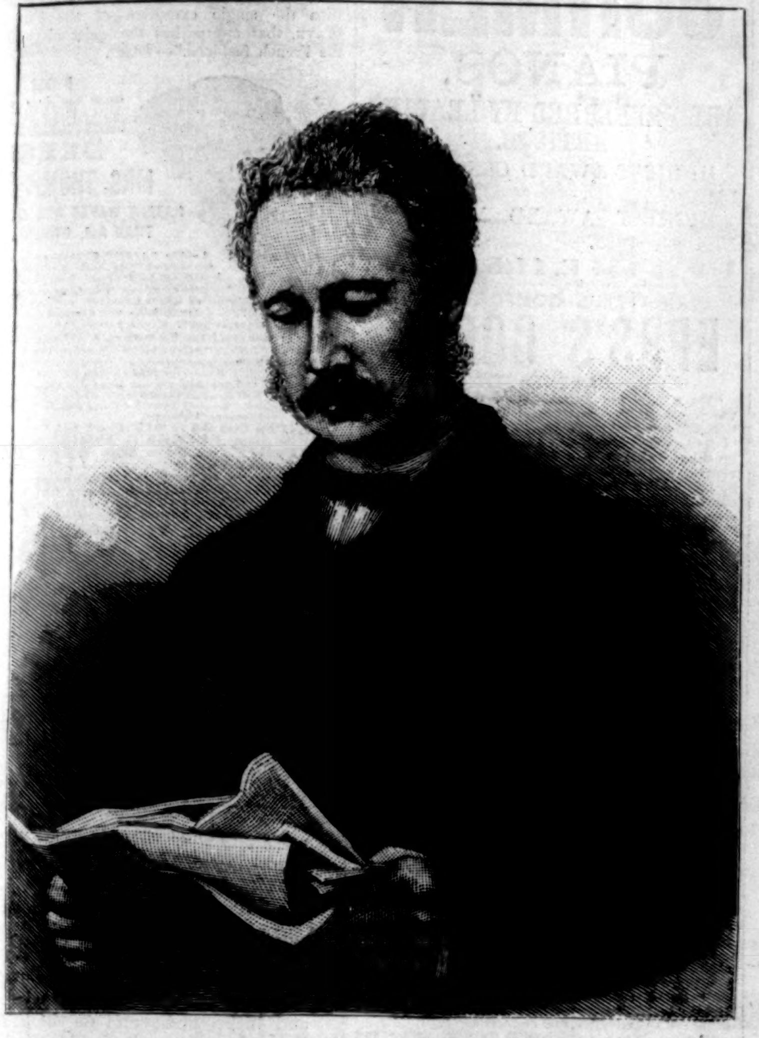
It is only very young people, I conclude, who like new boots. The older we grow, the better we like those to which we have been long accustomed, and which have conformed themselves to our pedal infirmities. It is a terrible thing to us when the soles "go," and it is necessary to have a new understanding; we doubt the cobbler, and are horrified by his assertion that he will make them "as good as new." What generally happens is that he makes them worse than new, and that, though he swears he has not altered them by a hair's-breadth, they come back well-soled enough, but an inch or two shorter. He then expects us to pay for having utterly destroyed our boots. I have always longed to punish him, and wanted to know whether it could be done; and now, alas! I know that it can't be done. The thing has been tried in the County Court, and the complainant has lost his case, and acquired a ludicrous nickname. The opposing counsel called him Cinderella. Can not a cobbler be found *anywhere*—I don't see how far I have to send for him—who can resole boots without shortening them?

If Charles Dickens were alive, what a pathetic story would he tell us about a certain Christmas hamper! This hamper, once full of good things—turkey and tongues, sausages and mince-meat, or at least "our celebrated Christmas present of a dozen of champagne for ten and sixpence"—was thrown empty on some waste ground at the back of Snow Hill, and found, days afterward, full, by the police. But full of what? "A boy of fifteen was found huddled inside, in a dying state from exposure and want of food." An empty Christmas hamper was the only shelter that this poor Christmas waif could find for three days and nights! He had no friends, and was utterly destitute, so he crept into that poor shelter, which would undoubtedly have been his grave in a few hours more had he not been discovered. He was removed to Bartholomew Hospital, but not in time to save his life.

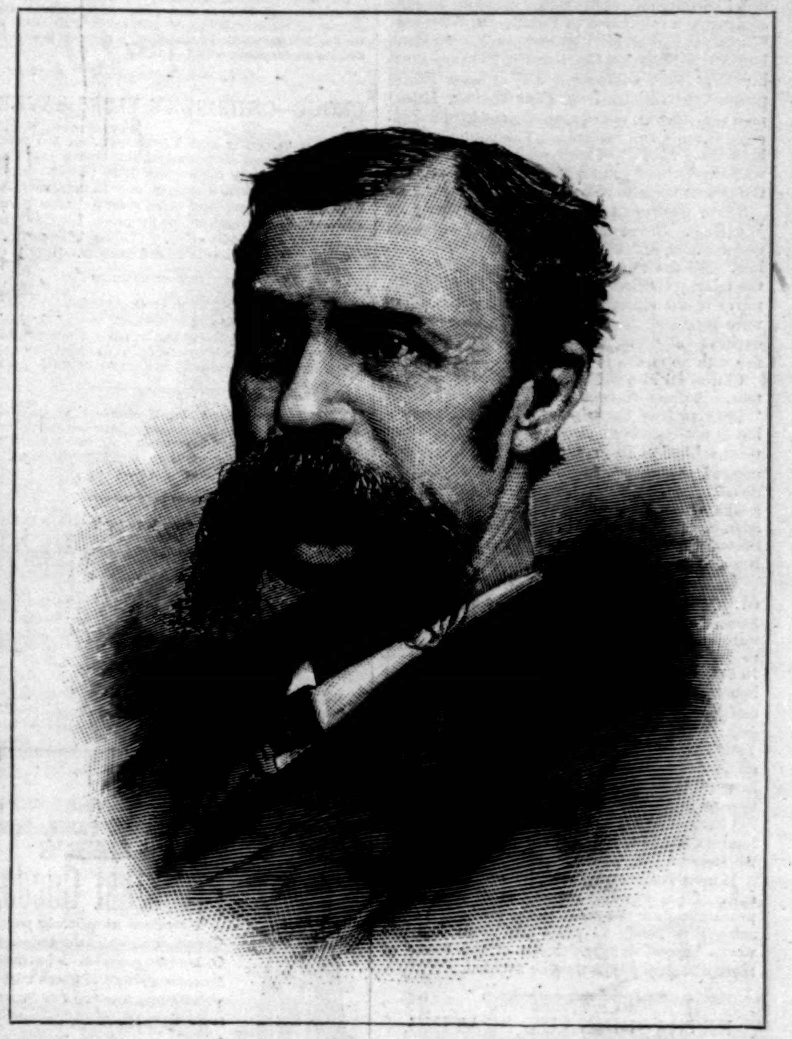
R. Kemble, of London.

A VALENTINE BY PROXY.

"Oh, you jes' say de same 's if 'twas yous own, Miss Katie."



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B.—[See Page 111.]



THE HON. J. C. S. BLACKBURN, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT-FROM KENTUCKY.
Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 111.]

EXTRAORDINARY SKATING—MR. AXEL PAULSEN AT THE WASHINGTON PARK RINK, BROOKLYN.
Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 114.]

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

The floods in the Western rivers began with unusual severity this year, and an immense amount of damage was suffered in Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and other cities and towns. At Pittsburgh and Allegheny City between 5000 and 6000 buildings were submerged, and at least 10,000 people were driven from their homes; 15,000 men were thrown out of employment by the stoppage of mills and factories. The public halls of both cities were filled with women and children, who experienced great suffering, notwithstanding the efforts made to relieve them.

There was great destruction of property at Wheeling. Three miles of the city front were under water, and 5000 people were made homeless. All the street cars were stopped, and all the telegraph offices were flooded. To add to the terror of the situation, the gas and water works were rendered useless, leaving the city in total darkness at night, with the possible danger of fire with no means to check it.

Cincinnati also suffered to a considerable extent. A press dispatch, dated February 7, said: "The view from the suspension-bridge this morning is not cheering. Along the Covington front to the Licking River the land is entirely submerged, the water being in the second story of dwellings. Newport presents the appearance of a lake, with a few dwellings peering out like small islands. The whole lower part of the city from Second Street to the river-front is covered with boats to-day employed for patrolling and relief."

The greatest suffering and damage were reported in the Youghiogheny region, where mining hamlets and portions of towns lying on low land were inundated, and hundreds of families forced to desert their homes and fly before the flood. In some places it was found necessary to anchor houses to trees and rocks to keep them from drifting off. The scene along the route of the great gorge, which extended thirty miles up the Youghiogheny River, beggars description. The streets and door-yards were piled full of ice, in many instances the heaps being fifteen and twenty feet high. The whole lower portion of the town of West Newton was flooded, and many families had to be rescued from the second-story windows of their houses.

It must strike every one with surprise that, in spite of the warning experience of past years, precautions are not taken in the towns and cities subject to floods to place the water and gas works beyond danger. Much of the terror of these disasters might thus be avoided.

EXTRAORDINARY SKATING.

When, three weeks ago, seventeen of the fleetest skaters in the country drew into line to start on a ten-mile race, very few had any idea that the quiet, scholarly-looking gentleman with eye-glasses, old-fashioned skates, and retiring demeanor was destined to astonish them all by his splendid record and easy victory. Mr. Axel Paulsen, from Norway, having thus drawn the attention of the athletic world to his powers as a skater, arrangements were soon made to still further test his abilities in a twenty-five-mile race against the record.

It took place February 2, in the Washington Park Rink, Brooklyn, with a result that threw all former records far in the shade, and leaves him without a rival in this branch of athletics.

The scene on the ice during the great race was a very novel and beautiful one. Thousands of merry skaters glanced and whirled, singly or in couples, and hundreds chased from side to side of the great quadrangle to catch a glimpse of the tireless skater as he passed the most favorable points of view. On one side of the course a dense mass of expectant humanity formed a lane, leaving a pathway about twelve feet wide for the skater, and in the middle distance the judges, time-keepers, and recorders formed an equally interested group at their table. The track is a quarter of a mile, with several sharp turns, and as the spectators watched the racer dashing down the straight stretches it seemed next to impossible for him to round the corners without a collision.

Near the track it was impossible to study his actions closely. At the cry, "There he comes!" the crowd leaned eagerly forward. There was a rapidly increasing and musical ring of steel on ice, the flash past of a dark body, like the flitting of a shadow, which shrank and faded away in a rapid diminuendo of perspective most trying to the eye unaccustomed to such rapid movements. It was only by repeatedly watching him in this position that the spectator could catch an inkling of the secret of his surprising speed. You noted a powerful outward thrust of the foot on the last of the stroke, the perfectly straight line kept, with little or no side movement to the body. Seen from a distance as he flew down the opposite side of the rink, the further peculiarities of his method became apparent. The bending of the body very low, almost straight, the hands clasped firmly across the small of the back, the well-extended chest, the eyes closely fixed on the ice, are all parts evidently of a theory which he has reduced in practice to absolute clock-work: a system giving fewest motions, least friction, and greatest speed.

The skater had no distinguishing points of extraordinary strength or endurance; nevertheless the miles were reeled off with an ease, a regularity and fleetness, baffling every attempt of a number of other noted skaters to hold him for even a few laps. He made four hundred turns during the race, beating the record at every mile. Each lap of the twenty-five miles was timed. The first mile was done in 3 m. $26\frac{2}{5}$ s.; five miles in 17 m. $56\frac{2}{5}$ s.; ten miles in 36 m. $37\frac{1}{5}$ s.; fifteen miles in 55 m. 9 s.; twenty miles in 1 h. 14 m. $5\frac{1}{5}$ s.; twenty-five miles, 1 h. 33 m. $28\frac{2}{5}$ s. This lowers the best previous record by 25 m. $39\frac{1}{5}$ s.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."—[*Adv.*]

CROUP—CHILDREN'S LIVES SAVED.

Haverstraw, N. Y.

This is to certify that I have used, for ten years, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and during that time I have not paid $3 for doctors' bills. I have used it for pains and aches, dysentery, sore throats, cuts, and burns, and by its use have saved several children's lives when attacked by croup. To the public I say, only try it and you will find its value. John T. Roberts.

Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use Burnett's Flavoring Extracts—the best.—[*Adv.*]

The M'Lewee Patent Non-Mechanical, No-Chimney Lamp: burns without a chimney, and no machinery to get out of order; best lamp ever invented. Call and see it or send for circular. Hektograph Mfg. Co., 22 and 24 Church St., New York.—[*Adv.*]

Why cough when Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will work a speedy cure? Pleasant as honey; 10c., 35c., and 75c. All druggists. Depot, 343 4th Ave., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Doctor J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.—[*Adv.*]

A Cough or Sore Throat should not be neglected. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy, and give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
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